ANIMAL PALS

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Edited by

CURTIS WAGER-SMITH

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Animal Pals

Dear Readers

Of course you love some dog or cat or bird or horse or cow,
Or you would never be right here a-listening to me now.
But, strange as it may seem to you, some folks there are, my dears,
Who've never liked a purring puss nor stroked a puppy's ears.
They've never listened with delight when robins sang o'erhead;
They've never petted horses nor watched the cattle fed.
Of course they've missed a lot of fun. I'm sorry. Are not you?
And so this story-book was made—I hope they'll read it, too.
And when they see how brave they are, how faithful, kind and good,
The dear dumb creatures of our homes and wild things of the wood,
Four-footed, furred and feathered beasts and birds of many kinds—
I would not be at all surprised if they would change their minds,
And come to love them as we do. Now, would not that be nice?
See all the animals stand in line and wag their tails—Once—Twice
—Thrice.

That means YES!

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MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE WITH PRUDENCE PRIM

ANIMAL PALS

A Collection of True Stories

Edited by

CURTIS WAGER-SMITH

Author of the "Little Samaritan"

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS; MOSTLY OF THE PALS IN THE STORIES

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FOREWORD

The stories in this book are true. They are tales of *real* animals, told by *real* people, who owned or knew them well. Though some of them may seem almost impossible, they have not only been verified, but are further proved by many similar instances known to reliable students of animal life. There is only one exception;— the tale of Jip the Circus Parrot, which is again included because of its interest and the mystery regarding its author.

Since ANIMAL PALS first appeared, persons in different parts of the country have questioned the accuracy of one story or another. But some of the very incidents to which they made objection have been duplicated by like facts in the editor's experience. The more closely one studies members of the sub-human world, the more one finds that individuals in all species have qualities of brain, heart and even what we call soul, even as you and I. They reason, have memory, gratitude, helpfulness, understanding of languages other than their own, color sense, humor, ingenuity, concentration, generosity, skill, pride and shame, bravery and cowardice, intelligence and stupidity, nobility and meanness, likings and dislikings, and in many ways, think, feel and act just as human beings do. Mankind is proud of its engineering and machinery, its inventions, manufactures and arts. But many of man's proud achievements are commonplaces in the animal world. Who can surpass the spider's spinning? Or the beaver engineer? Where is law and civic welfare more scrupulously observed than in an ant community? Who can find his way through

the vast spaces of the upper air, unaided by external tools, like the migrating wild goose? Who can radio a message more surely than the moth calling a mate? Or find his road home, over 3000 miles of difficulty, without speech or compass or map, like Bobbie of Oregon and many another cat and dog, which has returned over lesser distances? Or like the salmon of Alaska, coming in from the ocean by hundreds of thousands and never failing to pick out their own particular river, up which they were born, when they go back to spawn.

It is good for us to think of these things. It makes us more considerate and fair to our animal neighbors and less conceited and blind about our own exact place on the great Ladder of Life.

The tales were written by people in various parts of the United States in response to a prize contest conducted by The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in 1922. Many of the pictures were sent in during another contest the following year. Well-known judges, including such celebrities as Agnes Repplier and Albert Payson Terhune, passed on the stories, and educators, naturalists and humanitarians have enthusiastically commended them as true and sympathetic pictures of life in the animal world and of marked value to the humane cause. In Turkey, where children still have much to learn about the happiness and duty of being kind, ANIMAL PALS is being prepared for early publication, and this it is hoped will be but the first of many editions in foreign languages. All the books of the first two large printings have been exhausted, and the present edition is issued in response to many requests for more copies which can be generally used in schools.

C. W-S.

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HOW MOTHER COW FOUND HER BABY

To CITY folk, a cow seems a rather stupid animal, forever eating meadow grasses or standing dreamily in a stream or under the shade of a tree until the time comes for it to wend its way slowly to the barn at milking-time.

To say that a cow can be fearless or can reason, seems absurd to these wise folk, who do not really know cows at all.

Take, for instance, the cow on a western ranch, whose calf was buried in a slide of hay from a stack. She bellowed and fretted and followed the men and kept returning to the spot, until she managed to make someone understand and come to the rescue of her child.

Or take the cow in North Carolina,—

Lady Clover is a fine Jersey, who lives at Mill Farm, four miles from Winston-Salem, in the summer, and in town during the winter months. When her calf Buttercup was old enough it was taken back to the farm, while Lady Clover remained in the city, to furnish the daily supply of milk.

Lady Clover missed her calf—that was plain to be seen. She lost all appetite, and lowed constantly, wandering restlessly around the enclosure and lifting her head to bawl a protest whenever anyone came in sight. One morning she was gone. Inquiry was made far and wide, roads and fields were searched, but there was no sign of Mrs. Cow. At last came a message from the farm, with the surprising news that Lady Clover was there, contentedly browsing in the pasture with Buttercup close beside her. How had she

found her way? She had to cross busy streets, humming with traffic, dodge automobiles, avoid trolleys, and make many twists and turns, which would have puzzled any stranger going out there for the first time. No one had stopped her and straight and sure her mother instinct had led her on, past all dangers, to the old meadow where her calf was waiting.

You may be sure that after this, it was decided that Lady Clover should not again be separated from her offspring and her owners are so proud of her cleverness and courage, that they tell the story and exhibit their wonderful cow to every visitor who comes out that way.

THE MOTHER COW

KINDNESS PAYS

"Oh Grandmother," called a little boy excitedly, his black eyes sparkling with anger, "a man up the street was beating a poor, lame horse, and Francis told a policeman, didn't you, Francis? And the policeman made him stop and he has to pay a fine for hurting the poor horse, and I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Yes, Tony, I am," answered the tiny, pink-cheeked old lady, seated on the vine-covered porch of a quaint-looking Colonial house. "Anyone who abuses man's noblest friend certainly deserves to be fined, to teach him a lesson. If you boys would like to hear it, I will tell you a story of how two horses once saved my life."

"Indeed we would, Grandmother," answered the boys, their faces ashine with interest, and they waited eagerly for her to begin the tale. "When I was a bride," Grandmother said, "I lived with my husband at Woodland Beach, a summer resort on Chesapeake Bay. The hotel was in a lovely grove of trees and the clean, sandy beach sloped gently down to the water, calm as a mill-pond at most times, but dangerously rough when storms swept up from the Atlantic.

"One day, late in October, we decided to drive over to the little town of Smyrna, twelve miles away, where we purchased our household supplies. We had a pair of horses my husband had bought in Kentucky. They were perfectly matched, a bright bay, with black points, dark manes and tails and a tiny white star in each mare's forehead.

"They were never driven with a check-rein, as they were naturally upheaded and, my dears, they were so willing and

loved to go so well, that they fairly sped along, their dainty hoofs touching the ground in perfect unison.

"Their names were Alley Maid and Kathleen and they really possessed human intelligence, as you will see. Charley, the colored man, took care of them and drove for us. He was kind and gentle with them, never struck, abused or yelled at them, and when frightened at some object on the road, they were coaxed and never whipped or forced past. For this reason they trusted him and obeyed through love, rather than fear.

"We left for Smyrna about noon, the horses going along beautifully, and crossed the causeway leading to the mainland, without meeting anyone. This causeway was a dangerous place; a long, narrow road, half a mile in length, with only room for one team to travel. The bay was on one side and on the other a marsh full of quicksand which would swallow up horse or wagon or man so unfortunate as to fall into its clutches. It was a road to be dreaded, especially at night. We reached the town in good time, made our purchases, had dinner and started for home. We were a little late in getting off, and by the time we reached the causeway, dusk had fallen. As we paused a moment before crossing, to see that no one was starting from the other end, I noticed how heavily the tide was running in. The wind, too, was blowing hard from off the bay, and drove the water against the pilings with an eerie sound that filled me with forebodings.

"By the time we were well on the causeway it was quite dark. Hearing the splash made by the horses' hoofs, we found, to our horror, that the road was covered with water. The tide had broken the bank and the road was flooded.

"My husband and Charley stopped the horses directly. Lighting the lantern we carried, we could see the water foaming around the horses' ankles. They sensed the danger

and put their heads together, whinnying softly, as if seeking to comfort each other. 'Charley,' said my husband, 'it is impossible to turn and go back. Quicksand is on one side and deep water on the other. Just give the horses their heads. Don't attempt to guide them. Only their courage and intelligence can save us now.'

"Charley climbed over the wheel and waded to their heads, adjusting the harness and petting and talking to them, while they nuzzled his face affectionately. I will always believe they knew what was expected of them. They understood and started slowly forward.

"In a short time the water had reached the bottom of the carriage. The bell buoy, out in the bay, began to ring its mournful warning and the steadily rising tide made a hissing sound as it struck the dashboard and flooring beneath our feet. The distance seemed unending. We would go down into deep holes and it would seem as if the horses could never pull us out. They would stop and look back at us, trembling with fear, and by the flickering light of the lantern, we could see their eyes wide with terror. My husband and Charley would encourage them by talking to them and they would gallantly start again, step by step, feeling the way, and only putting their feet down when they sensed the firm ground beneath them.

"Finally the water was up to our knees and the angry waves rushed at us as though they would tear us from our seats, and flung great sheets of stinging spray in our faces. It was almost impossible for the pair to keep their footing. Once Alley Maid slipped and would have gone down, except for Charley's quickness. It was pitiful to see them, halting, trembling, bewildered, yet gamely struggling on.

"I was much frightened. I could only hold tight to my husband's hand, and pray that the brave horses would carry us safely through. After a long time they trembled less

and seemed to walk more steadily. The water seemed farther away and by the lantern's light we could at last perceive the road beyond the causeway. We were nearly over.

"Presently the splashing of hoofs stopped and the horses threw up their heads. I am sure they said 'hurrah.' We were on firm ground once more. The danger was past. When we reached home my husband had Charley sponge both the horses in warm witch-hazel water to soothe and rest them after their ordeal, while I went up to the house, and made them the very best and biggest of bran mashes, just filled with carrots.

"So, you see, boys, kindness to animals always pays. Had not these horses been treated kindly, we could never have appealed to their intelligence at the time when it counted most. Besides that, God makes it plain, in one of the most striking incidents of the Bible, that our dumb beasts are never to be mistreated, but loved and protected."

The old lady, after the children had run away to play, sat musing. Her fancy carried her back across the years and she saw again the splendid pair, Alley Maid and Kathleen, the sun shining on their satin coats, restive with eagerness to be off, fleet yet gentle, spirited yet kind, courageous and intelligent, but faithful always.

DUKE'S AFFECTION

DUKE was a fine dog who lived near Bridgeport, Pennsylvania. How he loved his little master, Roger, who was just five years old, and how many fine romps they had together! He was the inseparable companion of the youngster, and Roger's mother trusted the dog and had no fears for the child's safety as the two played and wandered around the farm.

One day, when Roger was six, his mother bravely kissed him good-bye, and sent him off for the first time with the other children to the village school, a mile away.

She was busy preparing the noonday meal, when on looking out of the door, she saw Duke lying under the big oak on the lawn, with his paws and head resting on something red. She went closer. There was Roger's bright coat and cap that he had worn that morning to school. She looked around. Where was Roger? He was nowhere in sight and at once she was greatly alarmed. Had some harm come to her baby? Duke began to bark wildly, and this attracted the attention of the farm hands who were working in a field close by. They came running at the mother's call, and immediately all began to search for the missing child. It was not long before Roger was found at school, safe and happy.

Duke had followed the boy to school that morning—like Mary's little lamb—and the teacher naturally told him he must stay outside and not come into the classes. Who knows what thoughts were in the dog's head, separated as he was for the first time from his beloved little master?

Duke Was a Fine Dog

At all events, he found his way to the cloakroom, pulled down Roger's coat and cap and went off home with them. Did he do this to satisfy his loneliness and longing for Roger, or as a bit of mischief to worry the teacher who had shut him out? Duke alone knew, but he never told.

"Please, Please, Let Me Go With You"

PIGGINS

One day in the spring my wife told me she had been hearing the constant chirping of a bird between the walls of our house in Frankford, an outlying part of Philadelphia.

I tried to locate it and at last removed plaster and lath from the side of a closet, where the sound seemed to be. I found, however, I had cut into the house next door, so tried another place and at last discovered a sparrow, only a few days old. He was without feathers and seemed to be all mouth. My wife fed him bread and milk on the end of a sliver of wood, which he took willingly, and soon the baby was growing fat and strong. When he was old enough he had his first lesson in flying. My wife put him on a chair and sat on the floor. Then she held out her hands and called him and he came fluttering down to her. It was not long before he learned the use of his wings, and became a regular fellow able to take care of himself, which, believe me, he has done ever since.

We named him Piggins, for he never seemed to be able to get enough to eat. Even now that he is a full-grown bird, his relish for breakfast, dinner and supper, with bites between meals, is wonderful to behold. He eats everything, raw or cooked—it makes no difference to him. He comes to the table when we do, lights on the edge of any dish he fancies, and helps himself. Then he flies to someone's shoulder and waits for tidbits. When I call him, he will leave any other member of the family for me. I whisper to him and he chirps low in reply, and when he has had

enough, he goes to sleep, either on top of my head, or snuggled down at the back of my neck, inside my coat.

Every morning my wife cleans his cage and the parrot's. He waits until it is done, then goes straight in and showers himself with the fresh sand. Twice a day he will sit on the edge of the fish aquarium, lean over, and sprinkle himself with water, then hunts for me, so that he can take a nap against my neck with my coat collar for a blanket. Sometimes we put a newspaper on the floor, and he will at once go to it and flutter his wings as if he was taking a bath. Probably he thinks the print looks like sand or dirt.

Every morning when he hears me dressing he flies out into the hall, lights on a picture-frame, and chirps, "Good-morning. Hurry down. Breakfast is waiting." If I do not appear soon enough, he comes up to me, twittering, "Lazy-bones. Why are you so slow? Don't you know I am hungry?"

I seem to be his favorite, probably because I am always making a fuss over him. If he hears me talking in another room or in the yard, even if he does not see me, he begins to call me and continues until I come where he is.

If I talk over the telephone, he sits on my shoulder and joins in the conversation. Many times people ask if there is not a canary near the phone.

He is a fighter, too, the rascal. Pig may take a fancy to eat out of Polly's cup, which makes the parrot so angry that she snaps at him. But though Poll is a giant, compared with Piggins, he is no coward, for all that, and pecks back. Strange as it may seem, the parrot will then leave him alone.

One of the most remarkable things Piggins ever did happened when he was just one year old. We were at Ocean City for the summer taking him along as a matter of course. Whether the change of scene made him uneasy, or he just had a notion that he would like to take a little vacation on

his own account, I do not know, but he flew so constantly to the doors and windows that my wife decided he wanted to be free and that if so, she ought to let him go. I was not at home, and she worried so much about it, feeling that it was a shame to hold him a captive if he longed to be out in the open with other birds, that at last she carried him outdoors to give him his liberty. For a moment he perched on her fingers, as if in doubt, then spread his wings and flew away. Once he had gone, she went back in the house and cried. I came home late in the afternoon, and when she told me what she had done I could hardly believe it. I would not have taken $100 for the bird, even though he was only a common little English sparrow. Piggins gone. I felt very lonely, and as if I had lost the most precious thing I had ever owned. I went to my room, not trusting myself to speak. Some time later I heard my wife's voice, calling me. When I left her she was very unhappy, but now she seemed excited and glad. What had happened? I hurried down, two steps at a time, my heart pounding like a trip-hammer, with the hope that Piggins had come back. Sure enough. There he was on my wife's hand. She had seen him on a tree at the back of the house, but when she called him and held out her arm, he had flown to the front of the house where she had let him out, and perched on a low branch where she could easily reach him. Oh, what a tired bird he was. He chirped for nearly an hour, telling us all about his experiences. Then he quieted down, and finally went to sleep. He would not leave his cage for two days, though the door is always open. It was plain he had had enough of roaming, and wished to run no further risks of being out by himself lost in the great strange world of out-o'-doors.

Six years later he had one more open-air adventure. My wife was in the cellar, which had a stairway leading to the

yard. All the doors were open, and Piggins, perhaps looking for someone to play with, must have gone out that way, for when she went upstairs again he was missing. Two hours had passed before she noticed his absence. She hurried out on the street and called him, but Piggins was nowhere to be seen. Finally one of our neighbors, who knew the bird, said she had noticed a sparrow flying around the shoulders of people and fluttering at the doors and windows of houses nearly a block away. My wife ran quickly in that direction, only to be told that a boy had caught a bird not long before, and taken it to his home, some distance away. Fortunately, she learned his name and telephoned, to discover to her great joy that it was indeed our Piggins. What a welcome we gave the truant when the boy brought him back to us and how gladly we gave him a generous reward for taking such good care of our runaway.

Pig took a bath in the aquarium, cleaned and combed his feathers, picked sand from between his toes, ruffled and preened, and then went into his cage for a rest, where he stayed all the next day, only waking when meal-times came around. He has not been away from us since and we hope will never go on a trip again unless he takes one of us along.

It is easy to identify Piggins (quite apart from the fact that we have yet to meet another English sparrow so utterly fearless with human beings) for our tiny friend has only one eye. Once, as I was leaving the house, he suddenly decided he would go, too, and flew after me. The door hit him and he was knocked unconscious. We feared it was all up with poor Piggins, but after a bath in warm witch-hazel, he revived, and soon was none the worse for his accident except for the injury to his sight. He does not care, however, for he can see quite as well with one eye as with two, he says.

This story of an ordinary English sparrow may seem hard to believe, but every word of it is true, and I really have not told half the things which make our common sparrow a very uncommon bird indeed. This much is certain—with any dumb creature, what you give, you get. Kindness counts.

PIGGINS TELLS THE WORLD THAT A COMMON ENGLISH SPARROW CAN BE UNCOMMONLY CLEVER

THE HEN THAT TRIED TO BE A CAT

Out in Grandpa's barn were two boxes. One was for the old hen, who was sitting on thirteen eggs. The other was for Martha, the cat, who kept the place free from mice and rats. One morning we found three little kittens in Martha's box. Grandma said we could each name one and when they grew older we could play with them.

George named his Reverence, because it had gray hair. When he called Mr. Stone, our pastor, "an old duffer" (which was not nice), Mother told him he must reverence gray hairs. I named mine Design, for it was a black and white and yellow kitten, the very colors on Mother's fancy work, which she said was "a lovely design." Carl's was named Cause. When anyone asked him why he had done anything, he always said, "Oh, 'cause."

Now comes the funny part of this story.

Mother went into the kitchen to tell Minnie about the dinner. Martha came along and mewed and pulled at Mother's dress. She kept crying and rubbing her head on her skirt and walked in front of her and then mewed again. She made such a fuss that Mother said, "Why, Martha, what is the matter?" Minnie said, "She has been acting like that all the morning. I don't know what ails her. When I put her out she comes right back again, the minute the door is opened, and keeps making the same fuss."

Mother said, "Martha, what is wrong?"

Martha did not say a word, but when Mother opened the door just started right for the barn. Mother followed, and when they came to the cat's box, what do you think they

saw? That hen. Sitting right on those three little kittens. And when Reverence put his head out from under her wing, she pecked at him and made him go back under her feathers again. I cried, for I was afraid she would hurt my lovely Design. Mother drove the hen to her nest and then the mother cat got into her own box and cuddled the kittens and began to sing them to sleep.

When Grandpa came home and Grandma was telling him about it, Minnie came running in and said, "Oh, just come to the barn now and see the racket." So Grandpa and all of us went out and there was that hen picking poor Martha on the head to keep her out of her own box. She made funny, angry noises and tried to shove her away so that she could huddle the kittens just as if they were chicks. That silly hen forgot she had thirteen eggs to keep warm so that they would turn into baby chickens, but watched her chance, and whenever Martha left for a while to get something to eat, she would hurry and get in her place, and hover the kittens. She would bring corn and insects and in mother-talk try to get them to mind her, and eat the food she had carried there for them.

Like all kittens, they were very playful, and the poor hen would fluff out her feathers and scold, and seem so worried because she could not make them behave like hen children. Mother cat got so that she did not mind the queer way the hen acted. She thought, I suppose, "Poor thing; she is not quite right in her mind." The kittens would run about and play with the hen's feathers and jump right over her back and the hen would cluck and try to quiet them. Martha would sit and watch and seem to laugh to herself, to see a grown hen act so foolishly. She never went back to her eggs, but just stayed around near the kittens all the time.

DANTE, THE CAT FIRE-ALARM

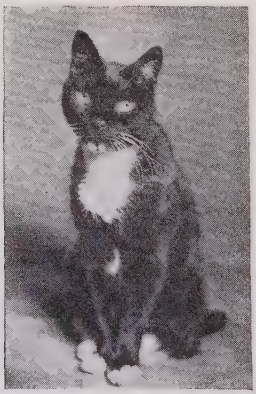
You often read about a dog which has saved a life or given warning of fire or thieves. The cuddly, purring cat, to many people, does not seem as intelligent, and I have even heard of folks who positively disliked the sleek, quiet "Fireside Sphinx," as a great woman writer has called her. I had a cat named Dante, after the famous Italian poet, who proved, I think, that he was clever enough to justify his name.

One midnight he came to my bedside and howled and howled—such a dismal and persistent howl. I woke and thought he wanted to go out, so took him downstairs and opened the door for him. He looked up in my face with his great yellow eyes and mewed, but would not cross the threshold, so after a minute, I went back upstairs to bed again. Almost at once he was at my side, howling as dismally as before. I felt certain there was some reason for his actions, so once more arose, saying, "Dante, what *is* the matter?"

As I went across the floor, he would run ahead, a little way, come back to me, and then run forward again. In this way he took me down to the pantry. As I approached a curious odor caught my nostrils and a wave of heat struck against my face. In the room was an electric stove. Some one, coming in late, had made a cup of coffee, and left the pot over the flame, forgetting to turn it off. The water had boiled out and the intense heat had burned the handle to a crisp. The pantry was full of smoke, and when I saw some papers near by, and realized how near we had been

to a fire, I only waited to turn off the switch and see that all danger was past, before I picked up my cat, and told him what a fine watchman he was and how proud I was of him. Dante purred loudly. He seemed to fully realize the part he had so successfully played and was quite content. I put him down and he kept up his little chant of triumph, winding his lithe body about my ankles, and rubbing his head against my gown. "Dogs as watchmen," he seemed to say. "Pshaw! A cat can do the trick just as well, if it wants to. And you may be sure I will always look out for this family."

Dante took good care of us, too, in another way. Near by was an old barn, so overrun with rats that when they came to clear them out they caught and killed one hundred and ten of the pests in two days. Dante would watch them with a bit of a grin lifting the ends of his whiskers. Then he would turn and wash down his fur. He well knew that no rats would dare to show themselves round his house. And they never did.



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He Looked in My Face with His Great Yellow Eyes

THE NORTH SEA CARRIERS

THE pride of the station was "down." The giant seaplane K-38 had plunged like a wounded gull into the wicked, gray, tumbling water of the North Sea, and a twisted mass of wires and aluminum was all that remained of the once beautiful craft. Spread along her wings were the crew; pilots, engineer and radio operator.

"Chief," said the first pilot, "how far were we from the station when you received the last message, just before the crash?"

"One hundred air miles, sir," said the Chief.

"Well," said the pilot, "we are out of the regular patrol lanes and our only hope is in the pigeons. It is a long flight for them, but we must risk it. Were they injured in the fall?"

"Bob has a broken leg, sir," said the Chief, "but I think Pete is all right. The only trouble is that Pete is a new bird and he may not be able to make the flight in that storm which is coming."

"We will try him. Meantime see what you can do for Bob's leg. We may have to use him, too."

So while Bob's leg was set in a first-aid splint, a message was slipped into the tube that Pete carried. The storm broke before they were ready to cast the bird loose. With a roar of wind and a swirl of water, it struck them. All hands bent before the first blast, then an attempt was made to get Pete off. Three times he was cast into the wind, each time being blown back to the wreck. The fourth time he managed to make some headway against the wind, only to

go down battling with the treacherous cross-currents of air. The leaping sea caught him, and he disappeared in a smother of foam.

"Nothing for it now but to try Bob," shouted the pilot, above the roar of the storm. "We will wait until the wind goes down a bit and then try. We can't stay here many hours or we will die of exhaustion."

Back at the station men were anxiously watching at the trap in the pigeon loft. Out at the buoy a huge flier was straining at her cable waiting for the news from the beach. Every man knew that K-38 was down, but where was she? Only the little feathered carrier could tell. So all hands waited and waited, pinning their faith to a frail little bird.

Out on the wreck the Chief, lashed to a strut, protected Bob from the rushing water with his body. Bob was their only chance now. At last came a lull in the storm. Stroking and talking to the bird, the Chief got him ready for the long flight.

"Old timer, it is up to you now. The lives of four men depend on the strength of your wings and your stout little heart. Don't fail us, Bob, or we are lost."

The knowing little bird cocked his head and blinked his bright eye, while his throaty cooing seemed to say:

"Don't worry. Bob never failed in a flight yet, and he won't fail in this one."

With a long sweep of his arm, the Chief cast the tiny messenger aloft. The veterans of many flights breathed a silent prayer that their feathered saviour would safely make the journey home. Up and up Bob circled, passing through the storm clouds into the sunshine above, then pointing toward the station, he was off like an arrow.

Several hours later Bob was picked up exhausted by the men watching the trap in the pigeon loft. Tenderly he was carried inside and cared for, while eager hands took the

message from the tube on his leg. Swiftly the news was sent to the waiting plane, and with a crashing roar she took air on her rescue mission.

That night, at mess, the pilot of the wrecked plane brought all the officers to their feet with the toast:

"The North Sea Carriers—ever faithful and loyal unto death."

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This New York State Hen Also Mothered Kittens

EQUINE MOTHER LOVE

One of the most touching stories ever told by my father, who was a great lover of horses, was the tale of how his mare, Kathleen, came to her death.

This mare was bred in Kentucky and had in her veins a strain of Arab blood. In appearance she was slender and delicately formed, though every part of her body suggested strength. Her legs were beautifully shaped, her hoofs tiny, her head long and clear-cut, surmounted by finely tapered ears, an inheritance of her Arab forbears; and her eyes were a liquid brown, so intelligent as to be almost human in their expression.

Her disposition, though spirited, was kind and gentle, and while in harness she was like the flight of an arrow, the slightest word from my father controlled her. In reality she combined the remarkable qualities of both the Arab and Kentucky horses.

One summer evening, to give her a little exercise, father had the hostler hitch her to a light driving wagon and started for his farm, about a mile from town. Kathleen had a tiny colt, six weeks old, so only short trips were allowed at present. They had not gone very far when father noticed she did not act as usual, and just as they reached the gate of the next farm, she staggered and gave a groan. He immediately jumped from the wagon and ran to her side, when he found her to be suffering from severe colic. In a second she became so ill that she tried to lie down in the shafts, which would have been fatal, so, while my mother, who was with him, hurried to the farmhouse for help, father

placed his shoulder beneath her and braced her to keep her from falling, petting and encouraging her constantly as he did so. In spite of her pain she made gallant response to his efforts, whinnying weakly and watching him with pleading eyes.

Mother soon returned with the farmer and his son, and the men unharnessed her and led her to the stable yard. A man galloped off to town for a veterinarian, and father, meanwhile, walked her up and down the lane in the hope of relieving her. When the doctor came, Charley, the hostler, who always took care of her and loved her, came with him, and they at once set to work with hot applications and medicines. In two hours she was better, and the doctor pronounced her out of danger. Taking my father and mother back to town with him, they left Charley with her for the night.

The farmer had placed her in a roomy, comfortable box stall and Charley, after giving her a last dose of medicine, wrapped her in hot blankets. When she seemed entirely relieved and quiet, he lay down beside her on a roll of bedding and went to sleep. About midnight he looked at her and she was resting easily, but at dawn, when he woke, the door was open and the stall empty,—Kathleen was gone. He immediately started to town to find her, and in the dust of the roadway he found pathetic testimony of her flight. There were marks of her body in the dust where she had rolled on the ground as the severe pain again seized her, and as he neared town it was evident the paroxysms must have become more frequent as the prints could be seen at closer and closer intervals.

Hurrying on, terribly anxious, he reached at last the home stable, and there a touching sight met his eyes. Inside he heard the little colt whinnying for its mother, and at the door, with her head pressed close against it, lay Kathleen,

dead. In the middle of the night, yearning for her colt, with almost human reasoning, she had slipped the bolt, stepped quietly around lest she wake Charley, and started for home.

Now, some wise folks tell us that animals do not have souls. I, who know so little about such things, beg to differ with them. I am sure Kathleen had a soul and that soul was touched by the divine fire of motherhood. Surely it was a soul that led her back to the stable to the little colt that needed her, though every step was torture and every inch of the way traveled with difficulty. Was it not a soul that made her struggle to her feet after falling, again and again, and press on with the last bit of strength and the last breath in her gallant body in the effort to reach her baby?

Could a human mother do more than this? We grieve that Kathleen is no more, yet the story of her self-sacrifice will perhaps open the eyes of many a person who has not heretofore dreamed that a horse could show such nobility.

The Baby Musk-ox From Greenland at the Newport Zoo

TIP, A PET FOX

TIP, a pet fox, belonging to Mrs. Irenice McMullin, near Kennett Square, Pa., was captured one day by Mr. McMullin and a friend who were hunting with their dogs and trailed a fox to its hole. In digging after it, they discovered a mother fox, with six young ones. She was safely placed in another hole with her little family, save one, which Mr. McMullin took home to his wife. The baby was only one day old, and so small it lay on the palm of Mrs. McMullin's hand. All the hunting crowd laughed at the idea that it would be possible to raise a kit fox. They said it had never been, and could not be, done. The lady was all the more determined to succeed, so she kept it warm and dry and rose twice every night, for two weeks, to feed her downy charge from a bottle. It was a tiny creature at first, with a head like a bulldog, and fine, velvety fur. Now he has grown into a beautiful animal, and is as tame and affectionate as any dog. He was named Tip because of the white spot on the end of the brush. Every week he has a bath and is fed plentifully on bread and milk, with an occasional lamb chop as a treat. He capers and frolics all over the house in an excess of playfulness and goes automobiling with the utmost delight. If the car stops too long for his taste in any one place, he shows his disapproval by growling, which means in fox language that he wants to be kept moving. He is amiable, and as yet his mistress has not discovered any tendency to craftiness or any other foxy bad habits. He does not attempt to harm the chickens, of which

"Hurry Folks, Let's Go"

there are many about the premises, and plays by the hour with the cats, an unusual and amusing thing to watch. This beautiful little fox, over seven months old when photographed, has been the curiosity of the countryside.

The fox is now six years old. His mistress recently wrote: "Tip is as dear as ever. Just like a dog. He loves to be in the house with us, and I often receive letters asking about him and visitors come expressly to see him. His summer furs are not so becoming as his winter set. When he puts on his heavy cold weather coat he is beautiful. He delights in going out with me. If I walk, I take him in my arms and woe betide anyone who would try to touch me for he would bite them. When we go in the automobile, he sits in my lap. He plays "dead fox," when requested; will cry "like a baby"; and grunt when asked if he has a pain. Chickens, however, must keep out of his way or be nabbed. That is the only way in which he betrays his heritage from his kinsfolk of the wildwood. I have also two baby coons and some trained Manx cats. You can see I am a lover of animals."

DO ANIMALS REASON?

After observing animals closely for many years I am fully convinced that they often think things out just like human beings, no matter what anyone says to the contrary. Listen to this story, and I am sure you will agree with me.

Some years ago I was living on a farm where there were several cats. Leaving home one morning for the day, I put all the cats out of doors, to stay until my return. When I reached home again, I was astonished to find Tabby, a beautiful, young, three-color cat, in the house. How had she entered? It was a mystery, as all the doors and windows were closed and fastened.

When the same thing happened a second time, I was curious enough to watch her, to find out how she managed it. I pretended to go away, but slipped back again and waited from behind the shelter of a lilac bush to see what she would do. She sat quietly in the sun for a few minutes, then, evidently deciding I had gone, sprang to a window sill, from there to a wooden water pipe, which she shinned up, much like a boy climbing a tree. She reached the kitchen roof, leaped to the main roof of the house, and like Santa Claus himself, disappeared down the chimney.

In one of the bedrooms there was a long unused stove-pipe hole. This, Tabby had found, made an ideal private entrance. She scratched down so much of the old mortar and loosened the bricks so badly, that some of them fell down into the fireplace on the first floor, so we blocked up the stove-pipe hole with a stiff roll of burlap.

Almost at once, the cat discovered the burlap. Scram-

bling out of the chimney, she entered the kitchen, and came to me, crying and clawing my dress, and begged me to follow her upstairs, which I did. She went directly to the burlap and tugged at it with all her might, urging me by every means in her power to assist her, showing plainly that she knew I could remove the obstruction.

I have seen many instances of animal intelligence, quite often the result of training. This cat, however, without human help, proved that she could solve her own problems and think for herself.

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THE CAT THAT REASONED THINGS OUT

THE SNAKE THAT CAME TO THE RESCUE

Snakes. Ow-w-w. Horrid things. Poisonous, slimy, crawling, treacherous creatures. Now, do not tell me there is anything nice to be said about them!

But that is where you are wrong.

It is queer how many people dislike snakes. They loathe and fear them above anything else and rush for a heavy stone or stick to kill one which crosses their path. They do not know there are quite as many good snakes as bad ones, and that, in Pennsylvania at least, there are only two kinds, copperheads and rattlesnakes, which are venomous, while there are a dozen others which render great help to the farmer by eating rats, mice, harmful insects, grubs and worms, and are perfectly harmless to man. The snake-hunters must inherit, deep down in their natures, the horror which came to Mother Eve, in the Garden of Eden, when after she had eaten the apple, and knew at once the wrong she had done, she looked in the wicked little eyes of the Serpent who had tempted her to disobedience. The big blacksnake, sometimes six feet long, does seem a very unpleasant and threatening individual to meet when walking in the woods and gives boys, looking for birds' nests, many a scare, which serves them right, if they are stealing eggs. But though he does eat the young robins and catbirds, he also destroys much vermin, and is not really an enemy of mankind, unless attacked or cornered, when he will defend himself, just like any other animal. Even then, his bite is not serious. Snakes, you know, generally travel in pairs,

and when you find Mr. Snake, you can be pretty sure that Mrs. Snake is somewhere near.

This story is about two blacksnakes, which were seen by a State Highway official, while he was inspecting a completed job in Somerset County.

As he drove along the pleasant mountain road, he was surprised to see in the path ahead of him, two large snakes, coiled together. He wondered if they had been fighting, and stopped his car and went cautiously ahead on foot, to find out. As he came near, he found that the smaller one had been run over by a passing automobile, and was unable to move. The other snake had wrapped itself around the uninjured part of its crippled companion, and was plainly making an effort to drag her into the long grass at the side of the road, where she would be out of further danger. As the inspector poked gently at the two, in his wish to understand the queer situation, Mr. Snake took alarm, and slid off into the bushes. So the man, thinking the other was dead, anyway, went on about his business. Returning, an hour later, what do you think he saw? Mr. Snake had come back, and was again twined around the limp form of his mate, seeking once more to carry her away to safety.

The inspector stood for several moments, quietly watching them, and thinking. "I take off my hat to you," he said to himself. "You are just a snake, but you have shown love for your mate, have tried to help her when she was hurt, and have persisted in your plan, even though a stupid man interfered. Your friend is dead, but I will render you the only service in my power."

He took a stick and lifted the bruised reptile carefully onto the wayside grass, and then, still thoughtfully, went on down the mountain.

PARROT FRIENDS

LAST week I visited the Philadelphia Zoo. A great crowd was gathered around a talking parrot, trying to make him say something, but he just blinked and rolled his eyes scornfully at them and would not utter one word. I also tried to get him to speak, but unsuccessfully, so I said at last. "Well, good-bye, Polly," and turned away. Immediately he called, "Oh, don't go 'way. Come back. Come back," to the great delight of the crowd. I made several attempts to go on, but every time I stepped off he again besought me, "Oh, don't go 'way. Come back." I have a friend in Mount Vernon, New York, whose parrot must have a sense of humor, judging from the joke she played on her mistress and the family iceman. When the man came up the side yard, he heard, "No ice today," so turned and went on to his next customer, without leaving the usual order. The next day the same thing happened, and was repeated the day after that. My friend having gone without ice for three days, telephoned the office in great indignation to know the reason why she had been neglected. "But," said the clerk, "you told our driver each day, you wanted 'No ice to-day.' He did not see you, but said you called it from the window." Plainly, Polly was the culprit. How she must have chuckled in bird fashion over the success of her plot. Another day Polly watched the huckster go to the back of the house with some vegetables. When he was safely around the corner, she yelled, in his exact tone of voice, "Get up. Go 'long." Mr. Horse promptly started off, and Polly's mistress had to rush out and catch his bridle or he would have gone on down the street.

MISSUS 'RIA, JUST AN OLD TRAMP CAT

SHE was in the back yard when we moved into our new house—a friendless, old black cat with shiny green eyes. Cats, says Webster, are domestic animals, but if ever there was a "wild" tame cat, Missus 'Ria (as we named her) was that one. Her food was scraps from kitchen tables and no one knew where she slept.

She had a "spooky" look, and the neighbors stood in awe of her. She had been there for years and years and every hand was against her. Fearsome tales were told of her prowess in battles with dogs and other cats.

Feeling that with kindness the old cat could be tamed, I set about doing this but met with little success. I placed choice tid-bits in the far end of the yard but they would not be touched so long as I remained in sight. After a while I was able to pat her, but no one else could even touch her. Once I rescued her from a gang of hoodlums, but in spite of this, she only tolerated me and held herself so aloof that I decided my efforts were wasted and she was really untamable.

In the spring we discovered that she had a family of kittens under a near-by porch. It was a badly-chosen nursery, perhaps the best she could find, and exposed both to weather and to the dangers of meddlesome dogs and "Toms." All the kits soon were gone except one wee black mite. A nor'easter sprang up one afternoon and by nightfall the storm was raging with sleet, snow and rain. At dinner, as the crystal flakes pelted the windows, we said pityingly, "This is the end of the kitten. It will be either drowned or frozen."

Soon there came a scratching at the back door. I opened it and found to my amazement, a bedraggled Missus 'Ria, with her kitten in her mouth. She walked in, deposited the wet little ball of fur on the living-room rug and rubbed against our feet. Fear stood in her eyes, but love for her baby was greater than any thought of personal safety. We got a box and an old quilt and made both comfortable for the night, with a big saucer of warm milk for the brave little mother and she purred happily as she snuggled the kitten in her warm nest. The kitten was added to our zoo, and the old cat, at last, became quite tame with us, though she never made friends with anyone else.

Sunny October Days; Dr. Barker, Bounce and Rover

TRIXIE, A DOG TRAINED BY KINDNESS

Of course, no one who really loves animals, likes to see or hear of them performing tricks on the stage or the movies or in a circus, because of the cruel things which are often done by their trainers to make them go through their acts. Many a pet, however, can be taught to do clever "stunts" by kindness, and will show by his wagging tail, and sparkling eyes, that he thinks the whole business is great fun. This is especially true of a dog. Often too, he appreciates applause, quite as much as a girl or boy does, who has recited or sung or acted at a school entertainment. This is the story of Trixie, a fox terrier, who was trained by kindness. He lived in western Oregon and was the little four-footed chum of every member of the family. He was never forced to do any of the tricks he learned and never punished but once, and that very lightly. That was when his mistress left him in the dining room one day. When she returned, he was in the middle of the table, gobbling some slices of roast beef. Then Trixie was given two or three hard slaps across his flanks, but the scolding which went with the whipping, he found even harder to bear. He was in disgrace for the rest of the day and felt very sad about it, for no one would say, "Nice Trixie. Good dog," but only, "No, Trixie. Go away. You have been a bad, bad boy." That one punishment was enough. Ever after, it was only necessary, if he misbehaved, to say, "Oh, Trixie," in a reproachful tone, and he would hang his head in shame.

He soon learned to watch for the boy who brought the newspaper, and when it came, would get it and carry it

proudly into the house, when he was always praised. As he grew stronger, he decided to make himself useful by helping his master bring up stove-wood from the basement. Without being told, one morning, he took a stick in his mouth, carried it upstairs, and laid it in the woodbox. His mistress told him what a fine dog he was and gave him a bit of cooky. So he promptly ran down after another stick. This became a regular performance. Every evening, if his master was slow in starting to fill the box, Trixie would go to the door and bark until it was opened, when he would rush down and return in a moment with his load. He would bring as many as a dozen pieces before he became too tired, and came to collect the pay which he had justly earned.

But *what* do you think of this? The stove was taken out of the room for the summer. When fall came and it was being put back in place, Trixie watched for a while, with his head on one side. Presently he trotted away and came back with a stick of wood, and then went for another. These he laid beside the stove. His bright eyes twinkled as he looked at his master as if to say, "Well. What do you think of that? Am I not a smart dog?"

When his master came home from work, Trixie always brought his slippers. If he came late, and Trixie had gone to bed, he would wake at the first sound at the door, jump up, and have the slippers ready. All he wanted was a word of praise and a caress and this was never forgotten.

Trixie was very observing. You would not think a dog would notice the kind of dress his mistress was wearing, but he did. If she went to the market, he was allowed to go too and well he knew the garments she wore when she was starting to buy provisions. Church was another matter and when she came down with her "Sunday-go-to-meeting" things on, he would flop down on the hearth-rug and give

a great sigh, but never make the slightest sign that he would like to escort her.

When the law was passed which required a dog to wear a muzzle on the street, Trixie had one, which was taken off as soon as he came home. He did not like it at first, "for I am not a biting dog," he said. But he soon got used to it and accepted it as part of the walk, and would fetch it with a grin, when anyone said, "Trixie, get your muzzle."

He would roll over, shake hands, cry, sit up and do other tricks, but these, he said, were just ordinary grammar-school education. He was always learning something new and we often could plainly see him reasoning with his little dog brain, thinking things out. What a real companion he was. Good old Trixie.

"I am Trixie, a Dog Trained by Kindness"

"Joey, boy," said Davis. "You're nothing but a common, ordinary, yellow dog, but you've got more sense than most humans."

Joe perked up his ears and wagged his tail in appreciation of the man's words. His big brown eyes brimmed over with love for his master, this slight little seaman, who worked in the laundry on the big ship. His mates called him "Splinter," because he was so thin and small.

Splinter had rescued him, a starving half-frozen puppy, from the un-tender mercies of a gang of hoodlums, who were 'fixin' to clip 'is ears, an' bob 'is tail, just like a reg'lar bull pup.' Splinter had carried him aboard the cruiser in his pea jacket, and made him a snug berth back of the big tubs. Now Joe had grown to full size. A common yellow dog, to be sure, but the shape of his head, the powerful chest and quarters, the big paws and expressive eyes, bespoke the strain of his sire, who had deserted a good home to love a waif of the streets.

"Do you know, son," continued Splinter, "This is a queer old world. Folks seem to have gotten away from their early teachings and now all they think about is Money, Money, Money. The old idea is gone, Joey boy. No one has any real friends any more. Everyone for himself. That's the ticket. And no one reaches out a hand to help a chap, once he gets in trouble."

Davis became silent, absorbed in his gloomy thoughts. He was a quiet sort of fellow, who could not join in the jesting and horse-play of his ship-mates and Joe was his

only companion. He attacked the big pile of wash with fierce energy as if to get rid of the troubled ideas which boiled in his head, like the water in the bubbling tanks. He threw the "dirty whites" into the washer, and closed the lid with a bang.

"Yes," he said. "The day of self-sacrifice has passed. You only get put down for a fool if you give up anything for someone else."

He glared at Joe, who looked up into his eyes with wistful hope, as much as to say, "Oh, no, Splinter. That day has not passed and it never will as long as true love is in the world."

Davis seemed to read the dog's message and he threw his arms around Joe's neck and held him tight.

"I believe, Joey boy, that you wouldn't hesitate at anything on earth for one you loved."

Joe thumped his tail vigorously and went nearly mad with joy. Splinter was just the greatest man in the world to know how he felt way down in his dog heart and he was the luckiest pup alive to have him for his friend.

The machinery rattled and banged as the steam supplying the laundry was forced at high pressure through the pipes. She was an old cruiser, and her laundry had been in operation a good many years. The machines were old-fashioned and many curious jobs had been done on the piping, but Splinter loved his work-shop, second only to his dog. The hours droned by, as Splinter worked. The hot suds slushed and gurgled and the equipment throbbed and thumped, with only Joe and Splinter to watch the job. The ship's bell struck six—it was eleven o'clock.

"Time for all good sailor-men to be in their hammocks," said Davis. "Guess we'll turn in and call it a day."

He crossed the steel deck to signal the fire-room, while Joe curled up in a far corner of the compartment. He had

not taken five steps, when one of the live steam lines carried away with a bursting roar. Instantly the laundry was filled with clouds of steam. Splinter dropped, badly scalded, prone on the deck, right below the break in the pipe. Two feet over his head sprayed the live steam, but he was mercifully unconscious, and by his very position escaped the death-dealing blast.

The men in the fire-room were startled to see the gauges drop.

"Bad break somewhere," said one.

"The laundry, I'll bet," said another and away he raced for Splinter's compartment, while the other men on watch jumped for the valves to cut out the laundry lines.

Joe sprang to his feet at the first crash, every hair on his back erect. Whimpering and trembling in every muscle, he made his way through the thick white clouds toward Splinter. Somewhere in the smother was the man he loved. His instinct told him Splinter was in danger and suddenly his keen eyes discovered him sprawled on the deck. It was the last thing he ever saw. The next instant the scalding steam struck him full in the face but his teeth had found Splinter's collar.

Joe threw his weight backward, dragging Splinter out from under the break. The scorching blast took the hair from Joe's neck and shoulders, but his teeth, locked through the man's collar, held fast and as his strength left him, he fell across Davis in a last conscious effort to protect with his own body, that of his friend.

Up in the sick-bay lay Splinter, swathed in bandages. Nearby, in another bunk, lay Joe. His beautiful eyes were closed and a strange peace seemed to have come over him. The ship's doctor straightened up and said, in a husky voice, "He's gone."

Davis broke down completely and cried like a baby while the doctor, blowing his nose vigorously, left the room.

They gave the dog the honor of a sailor's burial. All the crew mustered at the rail, where the weighted canvas sack lay ready to slide over into the green depths of old ocean. With the colors at half-staff the chaplain read the service. As the board was slowly raised, the chaplain said, "Greater love hath no man than this; that he lay down his life for his friend."

His Mother Boxed His Ears for Climbing

MONKEY TRICKS

When Mother was a little girl she lived near the sea, in a stone house with a big fire-place in the living-room. One night, while watching her mother and aunt cutting up apples to dry near the blazing wood fire, which gave them all the light they needed, she heard them talking about her grandfather and uncle and wondering if they were safe and what day their boat would be in (for you never know when to expect sailors).

Suddenly they heard a slight noise and looking around saw something coming up to them out of the flickering shadows. It was small and skinny and ran forward in such a funny way, right up to where they were sitting. Then it put out a long hairy arm and grabbed a handful of apples and began crowding them into its mouth until its cheeks stuck way out.

The aunt gave a little scream and said, "It is the Evil One." But Grandmother, who was not easily frightened, got up and went to the door. There stood her brother, laughing. He had just come back from a voyage, and had brought a monkey, which he had sent in ahead of him. This monkey's name was Cumshaw, * and the queer things he did and the trouble he made would furnish material for a dozen stories. Once, when the carpenters were working in the house, he watched them, and when they went to dinner,

* This word is used in the Far East to describe an unexpected gift, or gratuity.

tried to plane right over his fingers and came in chattering, to show Grandmother his injured paw, which she soon bound up for him.

When they moved from the shore to town, he watched them light up the house. One day he got a blazing stick somewhere and carried it upstairs and set fire to everything he could reach. Milo, the dog, came to Grandmother and barked and pulled her dress, until she said, "This dog wants something. I will find out what it is." She followed him upstairs and saw what Cumshaw was doing, just in time to save the house from being burned down to the ground.

One day that monkey happened to look in a mirror. When he saw his reflection he was so angry he screamed and bit at the glass and would have pulled the mirror over and broken it if Milo had not again been on the watch and in his dog way, come and told Mother about it. You can understand that Cumshaw did not like Milo. He probably thought he was altogether too much of a busy-body and meddler. But Milo did not care. He knew it was his duty to look after things.

When the baby came, Milo was busier than ever. He made himself special watchman for the little stranger and became very fond of it, while the monkey did not like it at all and could not act mean enough. One day Milo came to Grandmother and howled, then ran to the room where the baby was, Grandmother following fast on his heels. There in the cradle was Cumshaw, slapping the baby's face. Another time the dog came to Grandmother, pulling along a most unwilling, scolding monkey by his arm. In Cumshaw's hand was a cooky, to which he had helped himself from the jar in the cupboard. Milo was not jealous of Cumshaw but he would not associate with him. He was a dog that seemed to wish to share responsibility and keep

the household going right, while Cumshaw seemed only to want to make mischief and delighted in doing the most outlandish things that his monkey head could conceive. Of course no self-respecting dog could be expected to make friends with an animal like that.

PADDY: MOTHER'S HELPER

MOTHER'S HELPER

It was a bitter cold day in the winter when the twins were just three years old that Paddy, a large Irish Terrier, qualified himself definitely as a Mother's Helper. Until then he had figured in our minds only as playfellow and companion.

The children's nap was over at three o'clock and the first question, made in unison always was, "Are we going out?" The second: "Is Paddy going too?"

Usually they were promised a walk to "see the trains come in," one of the chief delights of their baby lives. Today, while hurrying into their clothes, they talked excitedly about the snow-covered streets, and the fun of an out-door romp. The busy mother buttoned them into "teddy bear" sweaters, caps, leggings and mittens until the twins looked like young Eskimos, and sent them out on the porch to wait for her. Paddy was there when the twins came toddling forth. He raced down the steps, knowing that their appearance meant that the family was going walking and he had long since learned that *he* was a member of the family.

When Paddy reached the pavement, he saw his friend Jack, a fox terrier belonging to a neighbor, romping on his own lawn and raced across the street to join in the game. Jack's owner was standing at a window in her home, and kept an eye on the twins, whose mother had been called back to answer the telephone. She saw the children, evidently without mother's permission, climb down the porch steps to the pavement and start up the street, hand in hand, until they were out of sight of the home windows. She

called, but they were too intent on their great adventure of being out alone to hear her. At the same minute Paddy spied them and with a few wild leaps, barking furiously as he ran, he crossed the street and landed beside them. He barked again, warningly, but they paid no attention, thinking, no doubt, that he was merely ready for play. They were nearing the crossing, where the big engines and the long strings of cars went hurtling up and down, clanging and whistling and roaring and grinding in a way which would make any sensible dog "stop, look and listen."

Paddy knew something must be done and at once. Jumping up, he placed a shaggy paw on a shoulder of each twin and sat them forcibly down! Both babies opened their mouths in one howl of protest, to find their travels stopped and their small selves bumped. Instantly the dog sat down between them and began licking first one tear-stained face and then the other in an effort to console and explain. Between licks, he barked loudly and when mother, guided by his voice, hurried down the walk, he tried to tell her all about it. What he could not express, was made clear by the neighbor across the way who had seen just what happened, and even father, that night, agreed that Paddy deserved a medal for his skill and care of the babies.

At this writing, three years later, he is still busy with his job. Now that the twins are older, he races out into the street to pick up a runaway ball, lest the small owner get in trouble, and not so long ago, he interfered in a quarrel which one of the twins was having with a companion, who had helped himself to a toy wagon, and was making off with it. Both children were tugging at the handle when Paddy came along. There was no further argument for he just stood quietly by his little mistress and growled gently, and the other child gave up the borrowed plaything without a word.

A TRUE MOTHER GOOSE STORY

No one wants to be called "as dumb as a goose" or "a perfect goose"; meaning that you are very stupid. Here is the story of a goose I owned some years ago, which proves that geese, like people, are sometimes not given credit for being as clever as they really are. This one, every spring for twelve years, raised a fine flock of goslings. There were never less than fourteen and sometimes more and so well did she bring them up, that with but few exceptions, they all lived to be full-grown birds.

Their regular morning walk was to a stream of water, half a mile away. Before they started, she instructed them in goose language, how they were to march and each one stepped in line like a file of soldiers. When noon came, led by Mother Goose, the long line paddled back for lunch. They took a short nap in the shade of an old willow tree, and then went again to the creek.

Looking over her family when they all reached the farmyard one evening—counting beaks, as it were—she found one of her children missing. Gathering the others in a group around her, she began a noisy gabble, plainly telling them to stay in the pen while she went to find the lost one. Off she started at a quick pace, back over the path they had taken. The farmer, guessing there was some trouble, followed to find out what was wrong.

Some distance away, near the path, were holes that had been dug for fence posts. Into one of these the gosling had fallen and broken its leg. The anxious mother made

frantic efforts to get it up, but the hole was deep, and the little thing could not help itself. She was returning, when the farmer met her. She took him to the scene of the accident and soon he had her baby safely out and carried it home, Mother Goose walking by his side, constantly talking and flapping her wings with excitement. The leg was bandaged and in a short time Miss Gosling was well and going about again with the others. She grew up to be one of the handsomest of the whole family.

Before this happened, Mother Goose was always very savage when she had a flock of young ones to care for, but after this rescue, began to follow the farmer about wherever he went. She would eat out of his hand, and plainly showed how much she appreciated his kindness and how much she gave him her gratitude and confidence. To other people on the place, however, she was always the same cross old lady.

On Guard

MR. WHITE CAT COMES BACK HOME

One cold winter morning, when my grandmother came into the kitchen, she heard a feeble "Miau-oow" just outside the door.

She opened it and found a tiny white kitten, half frozen in the bitter air. Picking it up, she brought it inside, gave it a saucer of warm milk and then wrapped it in a shawl and put it in a chair beside the range. Pussy soon recovered and presently was following my grandmother all around the room, as she went about her work.

No one claimed him, so she adopted him. He was named Mr. White Cat, and as the months went by, grew to be a very handsome fellow.

A day came when my grandfather decided to go out west on a visit for two years and arrangements were made for strangers to occupy the house while they were away. The new tenants solemnly promised to take good care of the cat, but they did not keep their word. There were children in the family and Mr. White Cat was not used to such youngsters. They mauled him. They pulled his tail. They pinched his ears. When he squalled, they laughed. He put up with this for a while, but when his breakfast was forgotten morning after morning, he must have said to himself, "Enough of this. I'm through." And *presto*— Mr. White Cat was nowhere to be found.

The next summer I began to hear tales of a wild cat that lived in the rocks near the mill-dam. He had been seen several times wading in the shallow water, catching minnows and tadpoles. Could it be Mr. White Cat? One

day I went to find out. I caught a glimpse of him, stealing around a big stone, but he was so dirty and timid, I could not be sure whether he was the lost cat or not.

In the following winter a farmer who lived near the mill told me of a strange cat who made his home in the hay in his barn and caught rats and mice. Every night the farmer would fill a pan with milk for the cat to drink, but even he could never get near enough to the animal to touch him.

Finally, the two years came to an end, and Grandfather and Grandmother came home. Almost at once, my Grandmother said, "Where is Mr. White Cat?" We were so sorry to have to tell her that her pet was missing, that one of us said, "Oh, he'll be here in the morning."

Sure enough, bright and early, there was Mr. White Cat, waiting outside the kitchen door, as white and as fat as ever.

Grandmother picked him up and how he did purr as if he could hardly tell her how glad he was to see her at last. He never ran away again.

The question that has always puzzled us is, "How did that cat know that Grandmother had returned?" Perhaps he prowled around the yard every night and on the previous evening heard Grandmother's voice as she told us about her trip.

I do not know how he found out, but I do know that this is true and that he lived to a good old age.

KILLEE

KILLEE was the name given to a baby hawk that had fallen from his cradle in the top of a high tree during a storm.

Mr. C— found the baby on the ground, apparently dead. He took it to his friend, Miss Anna, to find out what kind of bird it was. She was a nature lover and knew all the flowers and birds by name as well as many other things about the great out-doors. Miss Anna did not have any suitable place to raise a young hawk so she took it to her friend Mollie, who put it in a large cage that had been the home of a pet gray squirrel. Here Killee lived, and grew to be a full-fledged sparrow-hawk.

When Mr. C— found the bird was a hawk he wanted to kill it, but both Miss Anna and Mollie knew it was very useful to the farmer and so they took good care of the little fellow.

At first it was quite a puzzle how to feed such a young baby. When Mollie held out a tiny bit of beef he would open his mouth, but she found her fingers were entirely too large and clumsy for such a delicate task. Then she learned that by putting the beef on the end of a tooth-pick she could feed him quite easily. Two meals a day were all he would eat, so he had a good big breakfast about seven A. M. and as much as he wanted for supper about five in the afternoon.

When Killee was first put in the squirrel-house he could only sit in a corner of the box where he was shaded from the hot sun but could get as much light and air as if he

was in the cradle nest that his own mother had made for him. In about two weeks he was strong enough to sit on a perch and as he grew, his downy baby clothes changed to a beautiful brown and white suit, with lustrous blue and black trimmings. Soon he learned to fly to meet Mollie when she came to feed him, for by this time he had learned that she loved and cared for him and he returned her affection by lighting on her shoulder and rubbing his little head against her cheek in true loving baby fashion. He was very observing too, and noticed every change in Mollie's dress, even to her shoes and her jewelry.

Every day Mollie grew more and more fond of him until she felt that she could never part with him, but she knew it would be wrong to deprive Killee of his liberty after he could care for himself. So she taught him how to seek his own food and when she was sure he could fly and get his breakfasts and suppers, she put him in a box and took him to the open woods just outside of town. Miss Anna went with her and there they saw Killee catch his first grasshopper. You know if it were not for the sparrow-hawks, the grasshoppers might become a terrible pest in this country for they would eat the growing grain and the vegetables in the garden and even the leaves on the trees. He came back to Mollie's shoulder twice as if he was sorry to leave her and could not bear to say good-bye. Then he took his first sail away up into the blue. Superbly graceful, he winged his way higher and higher until he looked like a speck in the sky and Mollie felt sure she had taught Killee all he needed to know and that he had at last "come into his own."

THE SQUIRREL WHO SAID THANK YOU

In the city of Buffalo, New York, a few years ago, there were many gray squirrels in the public parks and residence sections. They were protected by the city, fed by everyone from the mayor to the smallest news-boy, guarded as much as possible from harm, and, of course, were quite tame.

One morning, early in the winter, I was upstairs in my home on Delaware Avenue and saw a squirrel in the front yard. Not having any nuts at hand to give him, I tossed out a peppermint, and much to my surprise, he ate it. I dropped another. This he buried in the ground, then came back and looked at me as if asking for more, so I gave him a third piece. He picked it up, ran up a near-by tree, carried it out on a branch which came almost to the window where I was standing, laid it down, turned, went down the tree, and scampered up the street.

The next morning I was wakened, about seven, by a tapping on my bedroom window. I rose to see what caused it and there was the same little squirrel. He had climbed up a tree in the front of the yard, and when he saw me, scurried down, and up the other tree and out on the branch where the peppermint was still lying. He picked it up, watching me with his bright eyes, and ate it, as if to say, "See, dear lady, how much I like your present."

Now, why do you suppose that squirrel woke me by tapping on my window, before he ate his candy? Perhaps he wanted to say "Thank you," and perhaps, the rascal, he reasoned that if I saw him nibble away at the tasty morsel until it was all gone, I would get him another. And, of course, that is just what I did.

SATAN'S INTELLIGENCE

"Oh, Uncle. Why did you ever call him Satan? I'm sure he does not deserve it. It's a shame to give him such a horrid name."

"Mebbe so, girlie. And then again, mebbe not. Just wait until you see a little more of him. He can crowd more kinds of downright wickedness into twenty-four hours than any other horse from here to the Rio Grande. Why, Niece, *this* Satan can give his namesake pointers and think it's a cinch. But isn't he a beauty though? Rapid, too. He can pull that light buggy of mine a mile in—" Here he whispered, as if afraid the horse might hear him.

As the days passed, I was forced to admit that Satan certainly did justify his name.

He occupied a small stable alone, as none of the men dared to take care of the other horses if he were near them. Because of his vicious temper, he could not be kept in the usual sort of stall but one so built that the two men who looked after him, came up to him only from the front. Even then there was danger, from his heels or his teeth. They had to be on the look-out every moment. Several times they had barely escaped serious injury.

One day Uncle took me for a drive and the preparations for that ride made me smile. That one smile was my last, however, so far as Satan was concerned.

Only after we were seated in the buggy did the men free his legs from the ropes which held him and then I felt as if I was being shot out of a cannon. We drove miles and

miles, at express-train speed. The air whistled by my ears and I longed for a chance to catch my breath. Only once did he slow up for a moment. Then he ran from one side of the road to the other, trying his best to upset the buggy. I was heartily glad when we at last reached the ranch-house once more.

A month later, two five-year-old cousins from the city came to visit us. They were like birds set free from a cage, here, there and everywhere, full of mischief, but just as lovable as they were naughty. One day they were missing. We searched high and low, until thoroughly alarmed, we feared they had fallen in a small creek near the house. Just then we heard their voices. We ran toward the sound, and what we saw almost made our hearts stop beating.

In the paddock with Satan, both of them clinging to his long tail—their tiny feet braced against his death-dealing hind legs—were Flo and Glo. They were shouting and laughing. "G'lang, Satey. Gee uppy, Satey. Fasser, Fasser," they cried. For a moment we did not dare to move or speak, while we racked our brains for the way to get our darlings out of danger. Did Satan plunge and kick those two daring babies? He did not. Slowly he turned his head and looked affectionately at them; then, on my word of honor, lifted his beautiful eyes and actually *winked* at us.

BRUNO'S REBUKE

Bruno was a big, good-natured dog who lived in the country. Whenever Mrs. Hubbard made a trip to the wood-pile for fire-wood Bruno accompanied her, eager to be of use. If he met her coming toward the house with an armful, he would tug at her skirt and whine, until he was given a piece to carry in his mouth. Head high, he would proudly march beside her into the kitchen, where he was always rewarded with a toothsome bit of meat or crust of bread.

One day, Jack, a neighbor's lad, came over to help with the chores. Bruno trotted along to do his part of the work as usual. Taking up a large stick, he followed the boy into the kitchen and dropped his load in the wood-box. Then he sat down, whined a little and flapped his tail on the wooden floor to suggest that he was waiting for his pay.

"Don't think I'm going to feed you. I'm not Mrs. Hubbard," said the boy. Taking no notice of the dog, he pulled out his jack-knife and began to whittle some kindlings.

Bruno was disappointed and a little puzzled. Once more in dog language, he asked for his reward, but the boy pretended not to hear, for he "just wanted to try Bruno out" as he later expressed it. The dog again thumped the floor with his tail—harder—as if to insist on his rights. Still there was no response. So—he went to the wood-box and took out the chunk he had put in. With a reproachful look, which said as plainly as words, "You're a mean chap. I'm not going to work for you," he walked slowly out of the room, then trotted off and put the wood back where he got it—on the wood-pile.

"My, but he made me ashamed," said Jack to his mother

that night. "I only wanted to see what he would do, and he showed me, all right."

Whenever Bruno was hungry, he would get a stick of wood and put it on the floor right in front of the cupboard. His mistress always noticed it and gave him something to eat.

One day he came into the kitchen carrying a billet in his mouth. No one was there. What should he do? He was quite hungry and Mrs. Hubbard was in the parlor, entertaining company. Very well, then. Bruno marched into the parlor with the wood in his mouth and placed it in front of his mistress. Then he looked in her eyes and gave his usual good-natured whine. She understood him perfectly and said to her guests, "You must excuse me a minute; this dog tells me he simply must have a bite to eat." So she went to the cupboard, did Mrs. Hubbard, and got the poor dog a bone, which he ate in a few crunches. Then they both returned to the laughing visitors, who were delighted to pet and praise a dog who could both reason and talk.

A Little Shepherd of North Dakota

LADDIE BOY, RETIRED FIRST CITIZEN OF DOGDOM

WHERE is Laddie Boy, the first dog of the land during the Harding administration? Since he withdrew to private life and dropped out of the public prints, little is heard of him. But he is not forgotten and every once in a while, someone writes to the newspapers, asking if he is still alive and where he is and how he is getting along.

The late President Harding, who was one of the kindest-hearted presidents we have ever had, loved the dog and sent his picture specially autographed for the first edition of ANIMAL PALS. When this new edition was being prepared, the editor decided it would give great satisfaction to dog-lovers all over the country if there could be a little tale about Laddie Boy as he is at the present time. So, through the chief of the Secret Service in Washington, we got in touch with his owner, Harry L. Barker, now operative in charge of the Secret Service in the Boston district, and through his kindness we are able to tell you all about the fine old chap and how contentedly he is spending his later years.

When Laddie Boy was living in the Capital, Mr. Barker was detailed as the President's body-guard, and in this capacity, saw a great deal of the dog and they became firm friends. After the President's death, Mrs. Harding decided that Laddie Boy could have no better home than with his true and trusted companion of White House days and Mr. Barker was only too glad to welcome him at his house in West Newton, Mass. Here, with his old friend

"Laddie Boy, the President's Dog, an Example of Fidelity.
Sends His Best Wishes to the Penna. S. P. C. A.
Warren G. Harding"

and with children whom he adores, he is carefully and affectionately tended and has cheerfully adjusted himself to the role of first citizen of dogdom, retired.

That there are new White House favorites worries him not a bit. He has had his moments of grandeur and is perfectly willing to cede to his successors the dignities and responsibilities which devolve on a dog in the highest government circles. Perhaps he is even lighter-hearted than formerly, when photographers were a decided nuisance and he could not cherish a mouldy bone or dig holes in the garden because such behavior was unbecoming one in his high station.

Mr. Barker has five children, of which two are grown to manhood. The others are Harriet, aged six, Marion, eight and thirteen-year-old Philip. Laddie Boy just loves them, since they are always ready for a romp and that is one of his chief joys. He delights in chasing a ball—a golf ball by preference—and often goes on walks with them, when he is a splendid guardian. Around the house, he has assumed the duties of watch-dog, keen of ear and ready to give warning of any intruder. With friends of the family, however, he is most amiable, welcoming them with tail-wags, and the charming manners, acquired in his youth in diplomatic society. He has no marked dislikes, but makes friends with everyone. One neighbor often opens her screen door to present him with some canine delicacy. He pays no attention to any other opened door in the vicinity, nor to this one except when his crony appears on the threshold.

The Barkers have one cat and though as is well known, Airedales have little liking for felines, Laddie Boy treats her with marked consideration and gentleness. When he lies on the hearth-rug before the fire, she curls up beside him or if inclined for a frolic, will leap over him and play around with the utmost confidence. This is the more re-

markable since the dog was fully grown when he was introduced to the family circle.

Laddie Boy is particularly fond of Mrs. Barker. When he is hungry he keeps getting in her way, running around her in rings, or lying down directly in her path so that she has to step over him. She is just as fond of dogs as is her husband, as you can see. For instead of being annoyed, she laughs and says, "Now, don't trip me up, you rascal. You must wait until everything is ready." Is it not fine to know that Laddie Boy's paths have fallen in such pleasant places and that the famous dog is sure of kindness and love and care and a good home so long as he lives?

"See, Dear Lady, How Much I Like Your Present"

JIP: A STORY OF A CIRCUS PARROT

(This tale was sent in to the S. P. C. A. story contest without any name or address, and the postmark was blurred so that no one could tell in what part of the United States it had been mailed. To find out, if possible, who had written it, the "mystery story" was read over the radio from Station WIP, Philadelphia, and far and wide the air currents carried the query, "Who wrote this tale?" There was no reply and the question is still unanswered.)

In the days before the Great War, there was a small circus that toured the northern part of England several times a year. Among its attractions was a parrot, called on the program, "The Little Wonder. The Only Parrot in Captivity That Can Dance, Walk the Tight-rope and Ride a Horse Bareback."

When this wonderful bird, which answered to the name of Jip, appeared in front of the tent, he was welcomed loudly by the crowd. In his short ruffled skirt, he danced, sang and courtesied with all his heart, and people were more than willing to pay the "tuppence" required for admission to see him perform again.

Then the War came and the circus was broken up. The Living Skeleton became a second lieutenant. The Fat Lady and the Bearded Lady went to make bandages and entertain the boys who were "going over," and Jip was sold to a young doctor who soon gave up his practice in the small town to join the Red Cross. He took the bird along with him, and between the two grew up a friendship which lasted as long as the parrot lived.

In France, he lived with his master in the village which was being used as Red Cross headquarters, and did his bit by cheering the sick soldiers in the hospital with his queer antics and odd sayings. There, too, the boys who were longing to "be up and at 'em" again, amused themselves by teaching him the commands used by their officers and the songs they liked best, such as Tipperary, Blighty and The Girl I Left Behind Me. They chuckled with delight one day when he surprised them by piping Rule Britannia, which he had picked up from hearing the singing of the men.

One night, the sound of the guns was louder and flashes of flame went up and down in the darkness. Many wounded were brought in and the doctors were very busy. Jip knew that something unusual was happening, and when no one was looking, he hopped to the door and slipped out. On the very threshold he was startled by a tremendous crash and poor little Jip jumped almost out of his feathers because it was so near.

The crash had hardly died away before a burst of flame rose from the old barn where the horses of a cavalry troop on its way to the firing line were stabled. Jip hopped along the ground until he came to the burning building. He found himself in the midst of a crowd of excited soldiers who were trying to rescue the horses. The frantic animals, confused by the smoke and heat, kicking and squealing, huddled in a far corner, and lacking a leader were in great peril of death.

Jip clawed his way up the khaki-clad leg of the nearest man and sat on his shoulder. He watched for a moment, then suddenly stiffened. He had seen a horse that reminded him of the one he used to ride in the old circus days. Quickly he scrambled to the ground and with many funny cries like those he used to make to urge his steed onward,

he ran into the blazing barn. The men called him to come back. He paid no attention. Straight to the horse he went, caught his tail and clambered to his back, where holding on by the mane he began the performance which had won him so much applause in his circus days.

The horse, hearing a familiar voice, turned his head, recognized the bird and at once trotted out to where he saw the crowds beyond him. All the other horses followed and not one was lost.

How Jip was petted and praised that night!

How he cocked his head and looked at them out of his twinkling black eyes, as if to say, "Only a parrot, indeed! Yet I did more than you could do."

By the strange chances of war, the horse was indeed his former friend and you may be sure they had many a talk about old times before the troop was ordered away to service.

PA AND MA AND THE BABY

THE TWINS WHO LOVED ANIMALS

THE twins live near Philadelphia, on a small farm. When their baby eyes first began to take notice of things around them, their mother saw that an animal attracted them more than any rubber ball, or other toy, and as they grew older, their delight in the cats, dogs, chickens and other live stock around the place, showed plainly that they were born friends of every living thing. When the baby calf arrived, and it was only a few days old—and they were all of a year and a half—they saw it stumbling to its feet and ran to help it up. They found their father and begged Daddy to come and see the little cow, and then hurried to all the neighbors, telling them of the wonderful news.

The days passed happily, with the dear dumb friends as playmates and companions, and the children grew well and strong with long hours out of doors and romps with kittens and puppies.

Then, when they were a year older, came that terrible winter when everyone was sick with the "flu." Though they were given every care, both the babies caught the disease and one of them was frightfully ill—so ill that when the doctor came, he looked very grave. He wanted to make an examination, so he pulled some bright pennies out of his pocket and showed them to her, but the little eyes had no gleam of interest and the little form seemed almost lifeless, so, with a sigh, he told the nurse that on no account was the patient to be moved or disturbed. Just then her mother remembered the child's love for animals and birds,

so she ran out and brought in a duckling just hatched that morning. The poor sick kiddie at once sat up in bed, and held out her hands to take it, crying, "Ah, see the ittie fuffy chicken." She held it and talked to it while the doctor quickly found out all he wanted to know. Would you believe it? This was the turning point. She soon began to get better, and before so very long, was able to sit up and then to be taken outdoors to the barn, where she could see Mollie, the cow, and Dapple, the horse, and all her other pets. Dear, tender, baby heart. Do you know, often since she has been found crying at night in bed because she had met during the day a blind man or a crippled child. When she grows up to be a big girl, no one is going to whip a horse or hurt a dog or a cat if she is anywhere around, I am sure.

"Oh, Daddy, See the Little Cow!"

JERRY, OUR HERO

FRIDAY, the thirteenth of April, found us in a new neighborhood in Scranton, Pa., having gone there on Moving Day. We were in an apartment, but the children in the house were not without a playground, for there was a convenient vacant lot where they could run to their heart's content.

My little Joe is six years old and his dog's name is Jerry. Wherever Joe goes, there is Jerry by his side, to take care of him, and there never were two better friends. On this particular day it was chilly, so when the two went out-doors, I had my boy wear an old overcoat, in which he could romp as much as he wished. I kept an eye on the two from time to time, but everything seemed to be all right and I went on with my duties.

Opening on the lot was a store and one of the clerks had taken out some papers and rubbish and made a bonfire. When the flames had died down and there seemed to be only smoking ashes, he went in again and I gave the matter no further thought, for the fire appeared to be out. Suddenly I heard several piercing shrieks and excited barking from Jerry, followed by cries for "Mamma! mamma!"

I hurried out to the porch and there was Joe, the dog beside him, coming toward me. Smoke streamed from his coat and as he saw me he sobbed, "Mamma, I'm on fire!" I ran to him and found his little old coat smouldering inside the collar, where an ember was resting. In another moment it would have burst into flame. Jerry did not leave his side

This Hero Business Makes Me Feel Silly

or stop barking until I had pulled off the garment and thrown it aside. Then after I quieted the frightened boy, I praised him and told him what a good dog he was. He wagged his tail and grinned, as if to say, "You can trust me. I'll always be around and I'll see that no harm comes to him, if I can help it." What a narrow escape that was. Joe was not hurt and we felt that his safety was largely due to the devotion of our Jerry, the faithful guardian and hero.

"Strongheart," Dog-star of the Movies.

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PATSY AND JACK OF LOS ANGELES ARE REAL ANIMAL PALS

A LION THAT WAS LONELY

ONE of the big features of the Walter L. Main circus some years ago was the appearance of Captain Wilson's trained lions. It was while the lions were being taught new tricks at the winter quarters of the show, that their owner unexpectedly came upon his greatest stunt. A vaudeville engagement took two of the lions to the Keith circuit, leaving Duke, the finest of them all, at the quarters, the solitary occupant of the big steel arena. Though there were other animals in the place who joined in when he roared in loneliness, none, of course, could be allowed to keep him company, although it was said that Duke was a most companionable creature.

One afternoon, attracted by the smell of raw meat, fed daily to the big fellow about four o'clock, a little mongrel dog, himself lonesome and discouraged, slunk into the enclosure and gazed wistfully at the dinner Duke was slowly devouring. There was room enough between the runway and the arena to permit him to squeeze through, and finally,

the desperately hungry dog, willing to dare anything for a good square meal, crawled through the bars and helped himself to a juicy chunk, right under the lion's nose. To the surprise of everyone, Duke seemed to welcome the intrusion. He not only let the little visitor eat his fill, but pinned him down with one great paw, and licked his face, as much as to say, "Welcome, stranger. You may not know it, but we are going to be great pals."

When Captain Wilson was away, no one dared to enter the arena with Duke, so the dog stayed on and he and the lion became real friends. When Wilson returned and attempted to remove the dog, Duke objected, in such decided fashion, that the idea popped into the trainer's head that he might make an act out of it, and now, every day, Duke and his partner eat dinner together in the presence of thousands, and the strange comrades ride together in the parade in an open den, to the wonder of all who see them. This is a true story and shows how things sometimes work out in the animal kingdom.

There has been much comment and some criticism of this story and the editor had about decided to omit it from the new edition. Then we heard about a lion and a dog in the Selig Zoo, at Luna Park, Los Angeles, and thinking that by chance it might be Duke and his little canine pal again, an inquiry went out to California which brought the following interesting reply from Bert Nelson, the trainer in charge.

He wrote: "No, our animals are not the same as the two you mention, though I happen to know Duke and his dog friend and to me it was one of the most beautiful pictures of love and devotion I have ever seen. It is exactly like the affection which exists between our lioness, Martha, and her inseparable companion, Yellow.

"Martha and Yellow have lived together since their babyhood, and now they are both over ten years old. In the morning Yellow is let out of the cage and has the run of our thirty-eight acres, going wherever her doggy heart desires, questing and exploring and visiting. She has a wonderful time but so long as she is away poor Martha is inconsolable. She keeps pacing up and down, watches for her and roars incessantly. This continues until Yellow returns and jumps up on the railing for us to let her in. Martha almost smothers her with caresses, licking her body and face and talking to her in lion language.

"But this is not the only case of the kind I can tell you about. My mother is just as fond of animals as I am, though not in any professional way. A year ago, when I had charge of the Long Beach Zoo, a baby was born to our lioness, Queenie. Queenie was too ill to take proper care of her child, so I took it home to try raising it on a bottle. Mother has had seven children and was sure it would be wrong to bring up the cub without some companionship. So, as no more baby lions were to be had, we procured a puppy, a kitten and a wolf-cub, all of the same age, and proceeded to raise them all together. They are now one year old and as happy a family as you could find anywhere. Patsy, the lioness, is very gentle. She romps and plays with children and loves and is kind to every living thing. She is as fond of us, as we are of her."

Mr. Nelson's great success with animals is based on his patience, sympathy and understanding. The more he studies them, the more he loves them and the more he loves them the more he studies them. This is a good tip for every boy and girl who has a pet. It should be added that his work is approved by the Los Angeles S.P.C.A., the Nature Study Department of the Los Angeles Board of Education and

the city's Department for the Humane Treatment of Animals.

So, with two more true tales of strange but happy and harmless comradeships between the King of Beasts and lesser folk in the animal world, the story of Duke and his dog pal, STAYS IN.

(Ed.)

BUM

FAMOUS IN THEATRICAL CIRCLES. W. DAYTON WEGEFARTH, HIS OWNER, HAS WRITTEN BOTH A POEM AND A BOOK ABOUT HIM

THE AIREDALE THAT STOLE A PIGGIE

Do you remember, you little girls with dollies, how you loved, best of all, old rag-doll Jemima, who was shabby and shapeless, and by far the least attractive of all your large family of dolls? You never knew *why* you liked her most, but you just *did.*

Well, animals sometimes take precisely the same queer fancies, and will adopt as friend or companion another animal which is perhaps lame, or very small, or of quite another kind than themselves, and no one knows why, any more than you knew why you preferred Jemima to the costliest, walking and talking French doll ever put in your stocking by Santa.

Nellie, our thoroughbred Airedale, and as proud and handsome a dog as ever wagged a tail, took just such an unexplained liking for a little pig on our farm, "Meadowbrook," at Macungie, Pennsylvania. Nellie had five fine pups of her own which were the same age as the solitary child of one of our Berkshire sows. The mother pig had other children, but she was very fat and all too soon the babies passed away, and only one was left. Now perhaps Nellie thought that the sow was too careless to be trusted with the care of the remaining infant, but whatever her reason, we soon found out she was deliberately trying to coax the little pigling away from its real mother and add it to her own promising litter. For a time Master Pig drank a double supply of milk, visiting his mother and the friendly dog with equal appetite. Perhaps he liked company, but

anyway, in a few days, he began to take more meals with the puppies than he did at his rightful table, and presently he would not go to his mother at all, but stayed all the time with Nellie and her young ones. What a fine time he had with the pups. They trotted around together all over the farm, and he was quite as lively and playful as any of the shaggy crowd. Sometimes they quarreled, and Piggie would snort defiance as the puppies growled and bared their teeth, but they soon made up their differences, and were as good friends as ever.

When the pig was nearly full grown, we found one morning that one of the cats had some baby kittens in the chicken-house, under the nest-boxes. There were several broody hens on the nest at the time, and when the kits were several days old, we saw that whenever Mother Cat left her children for a short time, one of the hens would hop quickly from her nest and hurry to the kittens' box, where she would hover until Mother Cat came back. For one whole week that hen adopted the pussies whenever she had the chance, and then one day we caught sight of the cat carrying her babies one by one to the dairy barn, where, no doubt she reasoned, they would be safer from interference. "There," I am sure she said to herself, "Now I can bring you up properly. No one knows what strange things that silly hen might teach you, and she certainly never would give you lessons in catching mice." We wondered, too, if she had noticed the way the dog had stolen the pig's only child, and made up her mind that nothing like that was going to happen to her if she could prevent it.

MRS. GRIZZLY TAKES CARE OF LITTLE MARY

The Bronsons were pioneers of the Far West in the days when nothing was thought of riding thirty-five miles for mail or fifty miles to the nearest doctor or dentist. Folks thought they were lucky, too, if a country store or a neighbor was within five or ten miles. When people live so far apart, strange as it may seem, they come to know each other better and friendship is stronger. Often when we do not like someone, it is because we do not really know them. But the time comes, perhaps when we are in trouble, when we find that Mr. Grouch, down the block, who seemed so stern, is very kind at heart, and Mrs. Moody, next the schoolhouse, who never smiled at us, was only waiting for an opportunity to show us her good will. This is true also with animals. Many a wild creature of which we are afraid is not as fierce an enemy of human-kind as we imagined, and will prove it, if we only give the poor thing a chance to display the better side of its nature, instead of grabbing a gun and trying to take its life.

When I lived in Montana, the Bronsons were our nearest neighbors. Their house was across a deep ravine, half-way up the opposite slope, and took a good half-hour to reach by the winding trail. Every day, however, when I saw smoke from their chimney, I said "good morning" to them in my mind, and was glad to feel I was not quite alone in the wilderness of thick forest and tangled undergrowth.

One forenoon as I sat on my back porch stringing beans, Bob Tilson, who ranched up the canyon, came galloping by and halted a moment to give me the news. He said he

had just passed Mrs. Bronson. She was going to the dentist, which meant a fifty mile ride to Rocky Point and another fifty back. I asked if she had taken her three-year-old daughter Mary with her.

"Naw," he said. "She left all the children at home with them new folks what jest come from the city—Mrs. Bronson's cousin and her boy. He's a tenderfoot, all right. Don't know nawthin' and his maw ain't much perter. But I guess they'll make out all right, short of a forest fire." He started his horse, waved a good-bye and rode swiftly away down the long avenues of pine and spruce.

My husband and son were out on the mountain felling trees for our winter firewood and I was alone all day. Just at nightfall, I heard the shrill note of a hunter's horn and loud voices down the canyon. A few minutes later the noise came from a hill to the west, followed by other calls from the direction of "The Gap." The voices grew louder and more excited. What could be the matter? Now and then I could see the glitter of torch-lights and lanterns throughout the heavy foliage. At last a horseman dashed up the trail toward me and I waited breathlessly to hear what was wrong. His mount was wet and flecked with foam and trembled as the man on his back pulled him to a quick standstill. He shouted that I was not to expect my men-folks until I saw them, for every man and boy for miles around had turned out to hunt little Mary Bronson, who had last been seen picking flowers near their house early in the day. I nodded, and he whirled his horse and went plunging back the way he had come. Soon he was lost in the inky shadows. The clatter of hoof-beats grew fainter and fainter, then died away entirely. It was a sleepless night for me and a very long one. When the first gray light began to show over the shoulder of the hills in the east, I rose and dressed. How quiet it was! Not a sound

could be heard save the lowing of my milch cows down at the pasture bars. Could it be possible that the dear little girl had not yet been found? It would be horrible if she were still missing. I shuddered at the thought. Not alone was there danger from catamounts, coyotes and rattlesnakes, but there was the fright and the bitter cold, and perhaps a crippling fall, and even if she escaped all these, there was hunger—perhaps starvation. I went to my kitchen and made up a great pot of hot coffee.

Two long hours passed and I again heard a horse coming up at a pounding gallop. It was my son and as soon as he was within ear-shot, I shouted, "Has the child been found?" "Yes, but not rescued," he replied.

While he swallowed some coffee he gave me the details. Not knowing the danger of life in the mountains, Mrs. Bronson's cousin had not given the alarm as soon as the child was missed. When she at last became anxious, night was falling before any trace of the baby was discovered. Then they ran across a small pink sunbonnet hanging on a blackberry bush. They found no tracks, but on a near-by tree was a wisp of bear's hair, where Bruin had rubbed his side against the rough trunk. "You can imagine what we thought," said my son. "Soon it grew dark, but we kept up the search." All night they had ridden gulches, climbed the steep sides of the mountains, and descended into valleys, flashing their lanterns to right and left and shouting "Mary, Mary," again and again. Once, after midnight, the stillness was suddenly broken by screams. They echoed from rock to rock, then all was silent as before. The old-timers knew it for the cry of a panther, though the wail was so human that even men of experience shuddered with misgiving and thought with dread of what the next day might reveal.

As it later developed, at the first streak of dawn, one

old hunter went off by himself, on foot, in a new direction. He was treading softly, crouched low and intently listening to every slightest murmur, rustle or footfall of woodsy creatures, when he caught a faint, new sound. What was it? A child's voice? Yes. No question about it. There seemed no fear or terror in the low, sweet tones, yet the accents were muffled, as though they came from underground. Pushing his way with utmost caution he came to the entrance of a great cave in the rocks. Through a mass of drooping vines he had a sudden glimpse of a bit of calico. On hands and knees he crept a little nearer. Presently he heard a pleading little voice say, "You is dood. But I want my mamma." There was Mary, alive and well, but he stared in amazement as he saw beside her a huge grizzly and two cubs. The man realized it would be too dangerous to try to rescue the child alone, so he stole back and told the good news. He urged that it would be better to watch at a distance until the old mother bear left the cave for food or water, when they could make a quick rush for the imperilled baby.

To this all agreed, and stealing forward like Indians stalking game, they took up places behind clumps of bushes where they could see the mouth of the cavern, and what was happening. An hour went by, while mother bear leisurely made her toilet, and then assisted her two cubs to make theirs, by licking and more licking, which included the little girl's face. It seemed ages to the tired and hungry men before the huge grizzly waddled out, the two cubs close to her side and Mary toddling in the rear.

Straight to a near-by blackberry patch they went for breakfast, the child too close to the bear to be snatched away without harm. One man suggested shooting Mrs. Grizzly, but the father shook his head. An animal so remarkable deserved protection, he thought. Peeping through

the underbrush, they could see the shaggy beast picking berries for the three little ones, pulling down branches for her own children and the tiny adopted stranger, share and share alike. Once a cub reached over and robbed the lost child of a handful of fruit. At this the mother bear raised her paw and gave him a cuff to remind him of his manners. Soon after Ma Bear lumbered off into the woods after something she saw. Here was the long-looked-for moment of rescue. The men grabbed the child, putting a handkerchief over her mouth to prevent any outcry, until they could reach their horses. The cubs gave the alarm, however, and back came Mrs. Grizzly, pellmell.

What a wild chase the men had. Running is not easy in the forest. Branches whipped their faces, dead wood and creepers caught their feet and all but threw them to the ground; big trees stood in their way and rocks and holes were everywhere. Behind them the hairy foster-mother came like a runaway locomotive, snorting with rage and making her utmost effort to recover her small guest from the kidnappers. The horses were reached none too soon, and once on their backs it was not long before Mary was put in the arms of her despairing real mother, none the worse for her adventure, save for slight scratches, and a torn dress.

What rejoicing there was at the Bronsons' house then and how many questions Mary had to answer. Was she cold in the night? She told them "No," for she had slept "next the rug." They could not understand what she meant by this until she led them into the front room and pointed at a bearskin that lay on the floor. All that long, chilly night mother bear had nestled the delicate little human body close to her warm, furry side. In that den in the rocks, carpeted with drifted leaves, the child and the two bear children had

snuggled up against the strangest nurse that ever a human baby had, and when morning came she had her face washed and her breakfast just as if she had been at home.

This is a true story of a grizzly, which you may be very sure none of us who were connected with it will ever forget.

THIS PET COYOTE OF THE FAR WEST IS AS HARMLESS AS A KITTEN

THE CAVALRY HORSE THAT OUT-WITTED THE TROOPERS

As AN enlisted man in the United States Army, I was assigned to the Ninth Cavalry on duty in the Philippines. This is a true story about a horse in our troop.

We drilled every day—column of troopers, march; fours right about; charge in echelon; charge as foragers and the rest.

When we came in, hot and dusty, we tied our mounts on the line and cleaned and brushed them until they were spick and span. Then the bunch was turned into the corral to run and the bars put up so that they could not get into the stalls while we distributed the usual allowance of oats and hay.

Horse Number 41 was a wily rascal, cleverer than any of the others. He watched us put up the bars time after time with a calculating look in his shrewd eyes. After he had it all figured out in his horse mind—and, believe me, a good horse is often wiser than many a man—he came back to the gate after we had gone on about our work, and took those bars down one by one, until there was free passage.

The first thing anyone knew, there were all the horses whinnying and tramping around us, reaching out for their supper before we were ready for them. This happened so often that at last we had to tie up Number 41 until the feed was properly rationed. The beggar would snort and paw and try to pull himself loose, but there he stayed, out of mischief, until the meal was "on the table." Funny, wasn't it? Not one of the other horses caught the trick. Old 41 had the brains of that horse outfit.

"I Seem Half Asleep But You'd Better Not Touch My Hind Legs"

FIDO AND BUNNY; PALS

Bunny was born in a great grain field in North Dakota. When less than two weeks old the wheat was cut and Bunny had to find a new home. Hippity-hop he went, with occasional baby leaps and bounds, to the shelter of the nearest hedge-row, but before he reached safety, a hawk saw him and swooped down from the sky to capture the little animal for his dinner. The bird sunk his sharp talons in Bunny's fur, and was just leaving the ground with his prey, when Fido interfered. He made one leap for the hawk, who straightway dropped the rabbit and with a harsh scream of anger flew up again, out of reach of the dog. Fido took the little creature in his mouth and brought it to his master

"Such a Soft, Helpless Little Thing. Why Shouldn't I Befriend It?"

who carried it to the house, where it soon learned to have no fear of human beings and as for its rescuer—before long they were great friends and would often play together. One day the rabbit caught its leg in wire and was so badly hurt that it had to be put to sleep. Fido went with us when Bunny was buried and for over a week visited the spot daily, smelling and pushing the earth with his nose and then looking intently at the mound as if he expected any moment to see his playmate come forth ready for another romp.

"How We Wish We Could Take You Home With Us"

THE CAT WHO OWNS LIBERTY BONDS

My name is Blackberry Preiss Chatfield and I am the most distinguished cat in America. Do not think I am conceited. It is no more than right that an intelligent cat like myself should know just where he stands and what is his proper due.

I am the most distinguished, because I am the only truly patriotic cat in all cat-dom, for I own two Liberty Bonds, have taken part in Red Cross relief work, and hold several service medals, and if that does not excuse a feline for being proud, I do not know what does.

I am jet black from the tip of my swishing tail to the tips of my two sharp ears. My eyes however are my chief beauty, for they are a glorious yellow, clear deep pools of liquid light and what they do not see—well! Look at me and you will admit they do not miss very much. I hate to seem to brag, but at least one can quote the opinions of one's friends, and some of them who have travelled the world over think there is no cat they have met in all their wanderings, which is my equal for cleverness. Indeed, Dr. Wray H. Hopkins, of Narberth, Pa., claims I have almost a human brain, for I can do everything but talk. But I can even do this, though people are so stupid they do not always understand my speech, though I always understand them.

When there is a visitor to our flat and my mistress is absent, I wait until I hear them call up the speaking-tube and then miaou loudly, so that they will know there is no one at home but myself.

Once, when there was company in the parlor and some

one had forgotten to turn off the gas in the kitchen range, I went right in and told my mistress all about it. I jumped on her lap and mewed and then leaped down and ran to the door, and as she is a sensible woman and understands cat talk, she knew something was wrong and followed me. The flame had blown out and the room was full of a most unpleasant odor which, I had the wit to perceive, was very dangerous. Of course I was praised and petted for my timely warning, but, as I said, "Really, my dear people, that is nothing for you to make such a fuss about. Any smart cat would know what to do under the circumstances. Consider that cat in the trenches—who told the soldiers when a gas attack was coming by hunching up his back." This hero stuff makes me tired.

I am always careful of the welfare of my human family, and I often guard my folks from harm. When the water pipes broke, in the middle of the night and the kitchen was flooded, I ran to my mistress and woke her and made her come to see the damage which was being done. I could tell you volumes of tales like this, but it bores me to talk so much about myself.

You might like to know, however, about some of my friends, chief of whom is Laddie, the famous Airedale of the White House. I have had several letters from him and correspond also with numerous cats of quality—Betty of New Haven, Toots Crosby of Eastport, Maine, Ben Turpin of Winthrop, Mass., who is cross-eyed, and many others.

Also Edward L. Bader, Mayor of Atlantic City, where I live, is a particular friend of mine. I sent him a valentine last year and he wrote me it was the only one he received. He said he had often seen me strolling along the board-walk with my brother, Huckleberry, and could hardly tell us

apart. Poor Huck, he has now passed on, and I have to love my mistress enough for both.

In January I celebrated my ninth birthday with a dinner to twelve old friends. Every Christmas I have a tree, and it is filled with presents for poor children, which my mistress buys out of my Christmas Fund.

When you come to Atlantic City be sure to look me up, for I am always glad to meet anyone who appreciates a fine cat.

My Name Is Blackberry and I Am the Most Distinguished Cat in America

ONE AGAINST EIGHTEEN

Out here on the prairie, in North Dakota, we do not have line fences, and sometimes are bothered by neighboring stock which comes foraging for choice mouthfuls. The hogs out here are pretty independent and as they run wild, are strong and fierce. A dog has to be on his guard not to be injured by their sharp tusks, and as they are very determined to have their own way, it is no easy matter to drive them home where they belong.

I have a dog named Dick—just a brownish yellow mongrel—but as smart a dog and as true a pal as if he were a blue-ribboned thoroughbred. He and his mother Fanny are my constant companions around the farm and at night they sleep in my bed-room and even on the bed itself. I have no hogs at present, and Dick particularly dislikes those belonging to my neighbor, bristling and growling whenever he sees their small piggy eyes and long snouts turned in our direction. One cold winter day they wandered on to my place and were discovered helping themselves freely to some corn in the shock out by the barn. I called the dogs, pointed to the hogs and told them to drive them off. Away they both started on the run and pitched into their task with vim, barking furiously.

There were eighteen hogs, they were enjoying their meal and were not at all disposed to let two dogs interfere. Every time a dog nipped at the nearest heel, the hog would whirl around and charge viciously and the dog had to sidestep in a hurry to escape injury. Fanny, being old, became very tired and after a little came back to the house, and

Dick, getting disgusted with his lone and difficult task, soon followed. He helped himself to a drink of water and lay down on a snowdrift to rest, but his eyes were fixed on the robbers and he was evidently thinking hard.

Was he a dog to be vanquished by a hog, even though the odds were one to eighteen? No sir. He made up his mind he was not. So when he was refreshed, without further orders from me, he started off again to tackle the job single handed. Nip and run, snarl and growl, dash in and out again, he worried those thievish animals so with his persistent nagging, barking and biting, that at last they decided to call it a day and ran back across the road to their own stronghold. Then Master Dick came back, swaggering a little and grinning, as if he had not only done his duty as a good dog should, but had had a fine bit of sport besides. He cocked an eye at me as if to remind me that reward was due, and reward he had, words of praise and caresses, and then a fine supper which Fanny shared, for after all I had to excuse her on account of her age.

Taking a Ride on the Galapagos Tortoise

TOKALON'S EIGHT HUSKY YOUNGSTERS

TOKALON TO THE RESCUE

TOKALON was a fine thoroughbred Scotch collie, who belonged some years ago to Charles W. Black, of Warsaw, Illinois.

She was the pet of the whole family and the particular friend and playmate of five-year-old Charlie, her master's beloved grandchild. Gentle and loving, there was nothing she would not do for her small charge, and it was a beautiful sight to see the baby and the handsome dog romping together on the grass, and when tired, coming into the house to sleep on the sofa, the boy's head resting on the furry shoulder and a little arm thrown over the big body of his pal. Charlie loved to dress up the dog in his own garments, and though this offended Tokalon's dignity, and she would remonstrate by putting her head on her mistress' knee and whining, it was only necessary to say, "Go, now, like a nice dog, and play with Charlie," for her to walk slowly over to the child and permit him to array her in coat and cap,

to his squeals of delight. When the masquerade was over and the hated clothing removed, she would frisk and bark as if to say, "My, I'm glad that's over."

Tokalon proved one day that she was not only an amiable companion, but a hero with a heart full of sympathy and affection for her fellow creatures and a brain in her wise head that could think quickly and act accordingly.

Though she had the run of the house, she slept at night in the barn for the protection of the horses. One snowy winter evening, she was permitted to remain in the sitting room until her master decided he was about ready to retire. Then he said, "Come, girlie, it is time for you to go to the barn to your puppies." For she had eight husky youngsters in the loft above the stable, who were now well on the way to being full-grown dogs.

She left her warm place by the fire and together they went to the barn. He said good-night and closed the heavy door behind her. Going back to the house, Mr. Black decided he would read a little longer and was soon absorbed in his book. Nearly an hour passed, when he heard Tokalon barking furiously near the window. Marvelling how she managed to get outside the barn, he looked out, and there she was in the deep snow, her fine eyes gleaming and her ardent gaze and insistent calls making plain the fact that there was some urgent matter demanding his attention. When she saw him, she ran toward the barn. Instantly she was back again and her bark was frantic. Before her master could get his coat on she had bounded back and forth several times, and when he appeared, wild with excitement, she led him to the barn door, which she had opened wide enough to squeeze through, difficult though it must have been. As the man entered, lantern in hand, he saw one of his fine horses lying on the floor, kicking and struggling, the halter around its neck caught in such a way that it was

rapidly being strangled to death. It was the work of a moment to cut the strap and get the horse to its feet. When the animal stood, snorting and trembling, but safe, Tokalon could hardly express her joyous relief. Again and again she bounded up to him, licking his hands and making queer little sounds of satisfaction. How he patted and praised her and told her she was a noble creature, and how pleased she was to be appreciated and to think her efforts to save her equine friend had been successful!

As she lay with her pups in the straw above the horses, she evidently had heard the dreadful struggle of the prostrated horse in his wild effort to rise, and realized human assistance was imperative. The horse would have died had not this noble and intelligent dog immediately called for help.

This was many years ago, and the tiny grandchild has grown to manhood. Tokalon, like her kind master, has long since gone to her reward, but the grandmother, Mrs. Ellie E. Black, lives and recalls with pride and pleasure this authentic story out of the happy past.

Tokalon Who Rescued the Horse

JACK, FAITHFUL DOG—HOUSEKEEPER

In a suburb of Philadelphia there lived some years ago a family consisting of an invalid mother, her daughter and Jack, a fine Newfoundland dog.

When a wee puppy, the daughter had found him wandering the streets, cold and hungry and very unhappy. She took him home, and as no owner put in an appearance, he was adopted and soon became the pet of the household, destined to act for a long time as caretaker for the feeble mother, and trusty watchdog of the home.

Mere words cannot fully tell the story of the life-work of this noble animal and his untiring devotion to the helpless old lady. The daughter, the sole support of the family, was employed in business and away every day from early morning until evening. The sick room was on the ground floor, but doors and windows were never locked. Each morning before leaving home, his mistress said, "Now, Jack, watch the house and take care of Mother." The dog would look over to her chair, throw up his massive head and bark loudly as if saying, "Don't worry. You can depend on me."

Sure that Jack could be trusted to protect and companion the little mother, his mistress went on her way, free from all anxiety. Did any suspicious-looking person or stranger appear during her absence, the dog's size, shining teeth and furious barking, served notice that the intruder had best depart promptly. Any neighbor, however, calling his name at the door, was permitted to enter. He knew the voices of family friends and gave them courteous welcome. This I know from experience, being a frequent visitor at the house.

Many are the tales the invalid told of his devotion and sympathy while they were alone together, through many weary years of confinement and suffering. His presence was the only relief from what, without him, would have been utter loneliness. When, worn and tired, she would drop off to sleep, she often woke to find Jack close beside her, his paws on the arm of her chair, watching over her while she was unconscious. He would wait her word of thanks and then lie down, confident that all was well for the time being. He had never been specially trained. His acts were the natural expression of his intensely loving nature and required no prompting.

When the clock struck five, he knew his mistress would soon appear and watched at the window until she came when he bounded joyfully to meet her. She knew at once everything was safe within, and Jack, having made his report, was off special duty until the next day. Twelve years passed, and the sufferer found rest. Jack's work was done, and he grieved deeply. The home was broken up and he was taken to a relative, where he had every comfort and was treated kindly, but he pined for his old home and friends. Something had vanished from his life and he could not reconcile himself to the change. When at last he went gently to sleep, we could picture him happily seeking out in some better land the old mother who had gone on before and gladly following her as she walked the heavenly pathways.

"Just a dog," some people would say; but Jack had the mind of a master and a great heart, and his faithful devotion is a beautiful record of dog loyalty and love. His mistress cherishes his memory and always speaks of him as her "true friend and benefactor."

THE CAT WHO WAS A GENTLEMAN

A MALTESE kitten, my childhood playfellow, grew to be a splendid big cat, the household pet, and lived sixteen years. At first no name was good enough, but we finally decided to call him John. We considered him one of the family and quite as human as any of the rest of us. When he wanted to leave the room, he rattled and pawed at the knob until the door opened, but if anyone opened it for him, he was first obliged to say "thank you" by purring three times. If he was hungry and wanted some special tid-bit I would say, "Come kiss me, John, and you can have it." He would sit back on his haunches, raise his fore legs, and as I leaned over, gently clasp my cheeks with his paws, lap out his tongue and make a smacking sound. My daddy always brought a piece of raw meat home for him in the afternoon. John knew when to expect the sound of the latch-key in the front door and at the first click, was frantic to get in the hall, where, on the rug, directly facing the entrance he would patiently wait my father's appearance, purring and purring. Sometimes Daddy took quite a while to get the door open, so that he might hear John "talk."

The cat slept on a special cushion in the corner of the sewing room. One day I sat there, hemming some napkins and singing, when suddenly John left his bed, jumped on my lap and putting both paws on my face, with the claws drawn in, began to pat and stroke my face. I petted him awhile and he then jumped down and went off to his disturbed rest. Again I began to sing, and again John repeated his strange performance. I decided the cat did not like my vocal exer-

cises, but to be sure, when he was once more sleeping quietly, I took up my interrupted ballad. John at once came over to me, and tapped my lips and cheeks, saying as plainly as if he used words, "Do, please, be still."

A week or so later in another room I was practicing on the piano. John leaped to my lap and softly struck and pushed my fingers with his paw, remonstrating in distressed but gentle tones, until I gave up my exercises until another time. Whether my music was not up to John's standard or he simply did not like music, I do not know, but there was no more doubt that John did not care to hear me sing or play. His polite way of showing his disapproval, however was so remarkable that I have always considered him the most courteous and intelligent gentleman cat of my acquaintance.

Well Protected

Toots, Prize-winning Great Dane, Would Sit by the Hour, Guarding This Baby

"The Cleverest Animal I Have Known"

Stories Specially Written for
Animal Pals by
Well-Known People

"Three Thousand Miles Alone, on Foot, Is a Mere Nothing When You Are Going Home to Those You Love"
Bobby Receives a Medal From the Humane Society

BOBBIE—THE WONDER DOG OF OREGON

By G. F. Brazier, Silverton, Oregon.

If you were a young lad and became separated from your friends in a strange land, 2500 miles from home, where you could only make yourself understood by signs, do you suppose you could manage to travel—most of the way on foot—back to your own fireside?

And what if you were a dog?

This is the story of Bobbie, the "wonder dog of Oregon," as he has been fitly called, after the most extraordinary achievement of intelligence, persistency and loyalty ever recorded to the glory of dogdom and to the confusion of those stupid people who still say that a dog is only a dog, chiefly interested in bones.

Here follows the tale as set down by his master.

My wife, my two stepdaughters, Nova and Leona, and myself, were living at a farm on the Abaque when we bought Bobbie, a naturally bobtailed Scotch collie with a mixture of a third shepherd. He was then just six weeks old, a rollicking, full-of-fun puppy, and we all loved him. He was not the only dog in the house, for we had a fox-terrier, Toodles, who had made the journey out to Oregon with us when we motored there from Indiana, and won our hearts by his watchfulness and faithfulness. Bobbie and Toodles became great friends.

The farm we rented was "in hops," and as we had come West to be outdoors and regain our health, we all worked in the hop fields, both dogs playing near and having the time

of their lives. We moved often, following the market demands, and very soon Bobbie began to show aptitudes which were to stand him in good stead later. He was a natural "heeler." When only two months old he would heel cats, horses and people, driving them ahead of him wherever he wanted them to go. At one place he was bringing in a horse who was lively with his hoofs, and before Bobbie knew it, he was sailing through the air with a well-placed kick. He blinked and caught his breath and the next second was up and after the rebellious equine, keeping at a safe distance, but worrying him until he was safe in the corral. This left a mark over the dog's eye, which helped to identify him at a future day. Our next stop was a fruit farm, where they used a tractor. Bob was asleep, quite unconscious of danger, when the machine caught him. His leg was crushed into the ground, which, fortunately, being deeply cultivated, was very soft and kept him from serious injury, but the mishap left another scar. His third accident came from an encounter with an old gopher. While digging furiously to get at the "varmint," he broke off parts of two teeth.

When Bobbie was about a year old our dear little Toodles had a paralytic stroke and passed away. We buried him back of the barn. Soon after we bought the Reo Café in Silverton, and realizing that it was no fit place to keep a dog used to running at large in the country, we sold him to a friend who was to live on the farm we were leaving. But Bob soon located us and came into town every week-end, going back to the farm Monday morning.

Then my wife and I decided we would go back East on a visit and take Bob with us. So we repurchased him at three times the amount we had sold him for, and one fine morning left Silverton in our touring car, the dog riding on the running board or on top of the luggage. How that dog enjoyed the trip! When we were going slow enough

or stopped for a bite to eat, he would dash off after a rabbit or on an exploring expedition over the hills, coming back after an hour or so, panting and grinning to tell us all about it. We reached Wolcott, Indiana, and stopped for our first visit. Leaving Mrs. Brazier at the house, Bob and I went to the filling station to get the car "tanked up." I was inside when I heard the dog give a yelp, and rushing out, saw him rounding a corner with three or four snarling curs at his heels.

Thinking he would take care of himself as usual, I went back to the car, expecting to find him at the house when I returned. When after an hour or so he had not appeared, we began to get anxious, and as Bob knew the sound of the horn and would come running whenever I sounded it, I drove slowly all around town, honking at frequent intervals, never doubting but that presently I would see him bounding toward me. It was midnight before I gave up, very much depressed, as you may imagine. The next morning still saw no Bob, so I got busy on the phone, calling up everyone in and around Wolcott, but no one had seen our pet. The weekly paper went to press that day, but I got in touch with the editor—a mighty fine fellow and a great lover of dogs—and he made room for an advertisement which was to run as long as we were in that part of the country, though without result. We visited around Indiana for three weeks, motored into Ohio, then back to Wolcott and resumed our search, but at last turned our faces toward home, sick at heart over our loss, leaving word that if the dog turned up he was to be secured and shipped back to us.

Exactly six months later, my youngest girl, Nova, and her chum were walking down a street in Silverton when suddenly my daughter gasped and seized her friend by the arm, exclaiming, "Oh! look! Isn't that Bobbie?" At the words a shaggy, bedraggled, lean dog just beyond

them turned his head and the next moment fairly flew at Nova, leaping up again and again to cover her face with kisses and making half-strangled, sobbing sounds of relief and delight as if he could hardly voice his wordless joy. It was Bobbie, sure enough, and it was a glad and triumphant procession which hurried on to the restaurant, where the dog hunted out my wife and Leona, and told them how happy he was to be home again. But there was someone else he wanted to see. Paying no attention to the crowd of curious and sympathetic bystanders, he rushed through the rooms in search of me. As I take charge of things at night, I was sleeping upstairs, and was awakened by a whirlwind which burst in at my door, composed of my excited wife and dog. "Look who's here," she cried. I could not believe my eyes. But it was no dream, for a wet tongue lapping feverishly at my face and two dirty paws resting on my shoulders, told me it was not a ghost, but Bobbie sure enough, who had miraculously returned. When the welcome was over, he dropped on the rug at my side, tired and worn, and had a bit of sleep, in which I joined, to be awakened presently by my faithful friend licking my hand. Then I jumped up and we went downstairs, where he had the choicest meal the place afforded, a thick, tender, sirloin steak and a pint of cream.

Poor Bob was almost "all in." For three days he did little but eat and sleep and would look at us so pitifully as if to say, "My, but I am just worn out. Can't you help me?" He would roll over on his back and hold up his pads, fixing us with his eyes to tell us how sore his feet were. His toe-nails were down to the quick, his eyes inflamed, his coat uneven and matted, and his whole bearing that of an animal which has been through a grilling experience. When he first came back he would eat little but raw meat, showing

that he had depended for sustenance chiefly on his own catches of rabbits or prairie fowl.

One day we took him out to the farm where we formerly lived. Bob inspected his old bed on the porch and ran all around sniffing at familiar spots. Suddenly he seemed to recall something and darted out to the barn, we following to note what he would do. He went straight to the spot where Toodles was buried, and I must say the tears stood in our eyes to see him, digging as hard as he could, trying to get down to his old friend. If anyone had doubted that it was the same dog, that little scene would have convinced them.

Bobbie was three years old when just six months to the day on which he disappeared in Indiana, he turned up in Silverton, 2551 miles by speedometer. This does not include detours which we know he made, because we have received letters from people who housed and fed him on his homeward way. His "dog sense" and his love for us led him over three thousand miles, across river and prairie, through towns and wilderness, straight to his own folks. There was no doubt as to its being Bobbie, for he was fully identified not only by his behavior, but by his three scars. In addition, since his return, we have had many letters from persons who saw him at different stages of his journey. He would turn up at some house where we had stopped or some town we had passed through, his eyes half closed and red with strain, his feet bleeding, ravenously hungry, so tired he was ready to drop. Some friend of dogs would feed and doctor him and he would rest for a while, but just as soon as he could, he would be up and away again. Or perhaps he would jump in a car where there were children and go home with them. He would run all over the house, searching upstairs and down, before he would eat, then he would accept a lodging for the night and be off in

the morning before breakfast. We are told he was always looking for someone and always in a hurry.

Bobbie has had many honors, as he fitly deserves. The Oregon Humane Society gave him a silver medal, engraved with the record of his long-distance journey. The presentation was made at the Silverton High School by Mr. Robert Goetz, superintendent of schools, and a large crowd witnessed the ceremony. A month later the Portland Realty Board held a home beautifying exposition in that city, and a local contractor built Bob a miniature bungalow, which weighed about nine hundred pounds, with eight windows curtained with silk and every convenience which even a traveled dog could wish. Bobbie and his new house were on exhibition all that week, and one evening he was formally presented with a deed to his domicile. He was also given a silver-plated collar, suitably inscribed. Over a hundred thousand persons petted Bob during that week. He was the honored guest of the show, but I must add his head was not at all turned by the reception. Nor is this all. He received presents almost daily, with requests for his picture; has had columns and columns of newspaper stories printed about him, and his photograph has appeared so many times that we have had to get a special scrapbook for all the articles and pictures.

Bob, we hope and believe, will never leave us again. He is dearer to us than ever, and as for his proud "folks," you could not match us in any State of the Union. Do you not agree with us that he fully deserves his title of "the wonder dog of Oregon"?

BANZAI:—IWAKI, A JAPANESE GROOM WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE HIS HORSE FROM DEATH

By Luther A. Huston, Tokio.

It is a simple story, this tale of how Toshio Iwaki so loved the horse that he had groomed for years that he risked his own life to save that of his equine companion. Yet it is worth the telling.

Toshio Iwaki is in the Japanese army, a groom in the stables of the general staff. When he came to work in the stables three years ago a bay horse of no particular beauty or breeding was placed in his care.

During three years Iwaki came to love the horse. The horse loved Iwaki.

But army horses must be young and vigorous, and Iwaki's pet was growing a little old. The army authorities decided the animal should be sold for killing, his hide to be tanned into leather, the rest of him to be consigned to a glue factory.

Iwaki grieved for his equine friend. He cast about for a way to save him from so ignominious an end. And he recalled how years ago Heikuro Magaki had gained fame immortal for himself and his horse by riding up and down the steps of Atago hill. If he could ride his horse up and down Atago hill, Iwaki thought, perhaps, the army authorities would not sell it to the glue factory. At any rate it was worth the trying.

The steps that ascend Atago hill, in Tokio, are ninety

feet high and of almost ladder-like steepness. They are built of stone and the treads are narrow and slippery.

Iwaki knew his plan was fraught with danger. He was a groom, not a skilled equestrian. But he understood his horse and his horse understood him. On this strange bond of understanding between man and beast Iwaki staked the lives of himself and his mount.

So, one quiet Sunday morning, Iwaki and his horse arrived at the foot of Atago hill. With an ear cocked back for his master's bidding, the horse began, slowly and carefully, the perilous ascent. He reached the top without mishap and turned to face the far more hazardous descent.

Iwaki, knowing that his own poor skill was of little use, gave the horse his head and they started down. Once or twice the steel-shod hoofs slipped and horse and rider seemed about to plunge to certain death. Always, however, the horse regained his balance and proceeded even more cautiously to feel his way from step to step. Level ground was reached at last and a small band of breathless spectators gave horse and rider a cheer. Iwaki and his horse trotted back to the stables.

The ride was not in vain. Officers of the general staff heard of it. The Prince Regent was told. Orders were issued that the horse should be transferred to the army cavalry school. The shadow of the glue factory had been dissipated. Iwaki, of course, had to part with his horse, and he did so with tears. But he had saved the life of his equine chum and he was satisfied.

A simple tale—but worth the telling, for horse lovers everywhere will understand why Toshio Iwaki, most humble Japanese groom, risked his own life to save his horse from a fate unworthy so gallant a steed.

Courtesy Universal Service, Inc., New York.

THE STORY OF A "STATELY, KINDLY, LORDLY FRIEND"

By Ethel Soper Hardy
Former President Humane Educational Society
Chattanooga, Tennessee

The histories of our domestic animals closely parallel the history of man. Evolution and environment leave their stamp upon them in the same manner that they mark the changes in the human race. And so we find animals taking on the racial characteristics, to a greater or less degree—both physical and mental—of the people with whom they live in daily contact.

Sixteen hundred years before Christ, the cat was immortalized in history as the goddess Pasht of the Egyptians. This pagan status, established in antiquity, is no doubt responsible for her uncontested and popular recognition today as the Sphinx of the fireside.

However, like man, she confesses a diverse progeny—ranging from the sensitive and finely-bred aristocracy to the stolid and coarse-grained proletariat.

Out of Persia—where she had been bred in the palaces of kings—there came some years ago, across the desert, in a litter on a swinging camel's back, a black cat, whose destiny was to make his kind beloved and famous in America. From a son of this kingly alien and a dam of unimpeachable pedigree imported from England, there was bred "Hardy Boy," who, with the exception of a brief interim, was for

sixteen years a conspicuously important and affectionately regarded member of our family.

He had dignity, courage and intelligence to a degree that I have never seen surpassed by any other animal.

His royal breeding was always apparent. Of an affectionate disposition, he never permitted himself to be cuddled in one's lap—but sitting on the broad arm of a chair, he delicately invited caresses by pressing a velvet paw upon one's hand and drawing it toward him.

Immaculate in his habits, he kept his long fur in beautifully glossy condition. He refused to eat with other animals and no matter how hunger might urge him, would wait with the patience of the well-bred, until his plate was put before him, when he would satisfy himself slowly and noiselessly, never scattering the food about. His diet, consisting for the most part of raw beef and raw eggs, he demanded should be of the best quality. Nobody could fool him with a cold-storage egg.

He would never lie on the floor, and preferred the luxury of an eiderdown pillow or comfort to any other bed.

If he ever knew fear, he never betrayed it. He could be removed from his traveling crate and walked about the station of a metropolis without being in the least disturbed or excited by the unaccustomed surroundings or the gaze of unfamiliar faces.

I have watched, with bated breath, a ferocious bulldog leap toward him, only to see the dog stop, hesitant and baffled, as the big cat stood squarely in his tracks with arched back and rampant plume, defying further encroachment.

He never associated with his kind nor with other animals. Intuitively he knew his friends and to them he gave a most satisfying companionship. He would rattle a door knob

when he wanted to pass in or out; this failing, he would beat a swift and noisy tattoo on the window pane.

We always felt that "Hardy Boy" paid abundantly for his care and keep. He kept the whole neighborhood clean of rats and mice. If a mouse was discovered in the kitchen, we had only to open the cupboard doors and tell him to go to work. When the lawn was threatened with destruction by the moles it was "Hardy Boy" who saved it. He usually brought his kill to the house, laying it triumphantly at my feet. On one occasion it happened to be a rattlesnake.

In all his life I do not believe he killed a half dozen birds, as he understood my cautions perfectly when I caught him looking at one. Moreover, I was careful to keep him in the house during the day and his freedom was much curtailed during the nesting season of the birds.

In the end—the ravages of old age—the light fading from the glorious amber eyes, the strong white teeth disintegrating, the beautiful coat losing its lustre, the muscles and sinews disappearing from the once powerful body—and most pitiful of all to see, a hunger that could not be satisfied. And so one September day, I took him in my lap, and as he laid his tired head on my arm in complete surrender, purring gently, I administered the chloroform slowly and he went to sleep so quietly—in his very last consciousness, reaching out his paw with the oldtime softness, appealing for the last caress of my hand.

"Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome, none may love?"

I cannot believe it. Whether my own soul will awake to immortality, I cannot know, but of one thing I feel sure—the love that is in it will survive. For Love alone must be immortal, whether it be found in the heart of man, or in a tiny heart deep under the fur of a little dumb animal.

WHAT IS A LITTLE YELLOW DOG WORTH?

By Fullerton Waldo

Courtesy of The Public Ledger, Philadelphia

A French court-martial at Amiens sentenced a German officer to twenty years at hard labor for stealing two dogs, valued at $330, from the Prince of Monaco in war-time. Ten years per dog. Considering that the dogs were undoubtedly taken for army service, some lovers of dogs would have felt like making the term longer than that.

That a dog's performance counts for more than breeding or a medal at a dog show is illustrated in the story of a stray dog that was befriended by the late George E. Bartol, to whom Philadelphia is indebted for the building of the Bourse.

Mr. Bartol had a heart as large as the edifice which stands as his memorial, and his friends were legion.

Near his farm at Glen Moore, a few miles north of Downingtown, he had taken a horse to be shod. While the blacksmith was paring the hoof and nailing the shoe a small yellow mongrel came and sniffed doubtfully at Mr. Bartol's ankles.

"Wish you'd take that dog up to your house with you," said the blacksmith. "He's a bother round here. He wants a home."

"I have two dogs now and I don't want him," answered the financier.

He rode off down the dusty highway. When he looked back the waif was following him.

"Well, I guess you might as well come along," said the

horseman, and the dog, understanding, bounded joyfully ahead.

The sniffling, starved creature was washed, combed and fed, to the hideous jealousy of the black poodles on the piazza.

They flew at the intruder with fury whenever he came round the corner from the springhouse. They had no conversation save snarls and canine curses for him. But he wagged his tail and smiled back, and tried to be a friend, while his emaciated carcass was rounding out, like a football being inflated, with food such as he had never dreamed.

A few days later Mr. Bartol went to the stables to see his pedigreed cattle.

There was a prize Alderney cow that had a new-born calf; and mother and child had roomy quarters in a box stall.

The owner entered the stall and petted the calf. Suddenly the mother, with an amazing bellow of rage, turned on the intruder and before he could get away prodded him with her horns, bore him to the floor in a corner of the stall, where he was helpless, and began to gore him with the fury of a maddened bull. Hitherto she had been the gentlest of animals to the kindest of masters; but she evidently imagined that the calf was in danger and a blind maternal instinct of defense possessed her.

The force of the sudden attack may be gauged by the fact that when his injuries were examined later it was found that three of Mr. Bartol's ribs were broken.

He was fast losing consciousness, when the despised mongrel dog, ever at his heels in dumb, grateful devotion, flew to the rescue. Wriggling under the bottom bar of the gate to the stall, the dog rushed at the cow's nose, clung there with a vise-like grip and compelled the raging beast

to divert her attention from the prostrate form of the man to the wild fury of the little yellow dog.

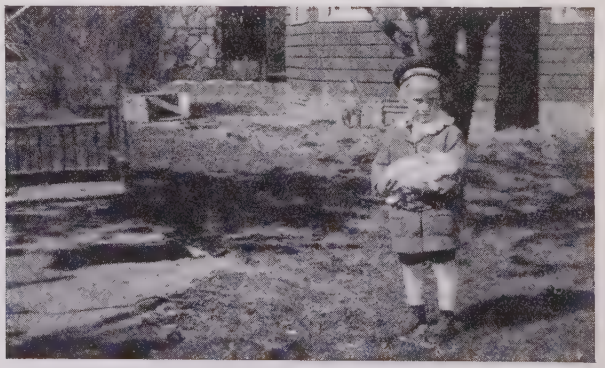
The dog seemed a mere mouthful compared with the maddened cow's ponderous bulk; but there he clung and bit, and would not be shaken off.

Mr. Bartol lost no time in scrambling out of the way between the gate bars to safety.

The castaway dog was like the stone rejected by the builders which became the head of the corner. Nothing was too good after that for the small, four-footed hero which had saved his master in requital for the kindness shown him a few days before. Curiously enough, the two aristocratic, supercilious dogs that had scorned the lowly tyke now changed their attitude and cringed before him.

They came to their plate on the piazza after he was fed. They played the games he started. Where he ran, they followed.

The tables were turned, and it was proved that among dogs, as with men, there is a certain moral ascendancy that does not depend on the pelt or the ancestry for its right to rule.



"Please Take My Bunny's Picture"

MY IRISH SETTER DOGS

By the Hon. Percival P. Baxter
Former Governor of Maine

From the time I was a small boy until now, my Irish setter dogs have been inseparably connected with my own life story. For thirty-seven years they have been my constant companions, and all of them have come from the same Elcho strain. My father gave me my first dog when I was but nine years of age. The day this little ten-weeks-old, tawny-colored pup was brought in a crate to my home will always be remembered by me. As the precious package was placed upon the grass, the tiny inmate poked her nose through the slats and lapped the hands of the one she was ready to acknowledge as her master. She knew little but loved much.

In those days the price of dogs like other prices, whether of luxuries or of necessities, was not unreasonable. Three dollars was all that my father paid for the pup, while I voluntarily contributed from my own savings what to me was the large sum of eighty-five cents to cover express charges from Rockland to Portland.

After the unboxing, I carried my new friend in my arms to the small steamer that plied between Portland and the island in Casco Bay on which was my father's summer home. The first night was difficult for the pup as well as for the family. I prepared what seemed a most alluring bed, and the pup was placed therein. Being lonesome she was not

satisfied with my arrangements and before long cried lustily. This continued until the patience of the older members of the family was exhausted. Sleep was precious and was being interfered with.

About midnight I heard someone go cautiously downstairs and the poor little pup was put outside into the darkness. It was a warm summer evening, but the cruelty was more than I could stand. Waiting for the house to again become quiet I crept stealthily out of my room, found the little pup crouching outside by the back door, took her in my arms and together we went back to bed. In this way for several nights I outwitted the family, and was up in the morning before anybody else in order to place the pup outside the house where she was supposed to have been all the time. The pup's lonesomeness wore away, and soon she became an orderly member of the family.

In the course of time my dog arrived at maturity and the household was blessed with nine pups, all thoroughbreds. Under the tutelage of my older brothers, more experienced in worldly affairs, I learned quickly. After about a year nine more pups of the same breed arrived and a thriving business was established.

The market was well supplied, but the price of Irish Setter pups did not break, and I soon felt able to increase my rates. The male pups brought me ten dollars, the female five. At this discrimination between the sexes I revolted. Perhaps this was the beginning of my later desire to help the weaker sex attain equal rights with the stronger, for in after years I became an ardent champion of equal suffrage!

As the pups approached the age of ten weeks the time for separation came. I distinctly remember those sad days. I wept over the departure of each and every one of my small

THE FORMER GOVERNOR OF MAINE, AND HIS BELOVED GARRY

companions as I placed them in crates, took them down to the little steamer and sent them away into the great world to seek their fortunes. They were distributed far and wide.

One went to a well-known manufacturer in New York state. He must have been a good man. A few days after the pup's arrival he invited several friends to dinner, and for a moment forgot about his new dog. As he and his guests stepped into the dining room they beheld the pup standing four square in the center of the table, and the large salmon that had been provided for the meal, had entirely disappeared. He wrote me that he appreciated the humor of the situation and did not punish the culprit. This self-control made a great impression upon me.

I was careful to do my best to place my little friends in good homes, and for several years conducted quite a thriving business, for my faithful old dog was a good mother and enjoyed raising large families.

My parents were unusually patient, for I never had fewer than two dogs at home, and once had five. Boys and dogs were everywhere. I wonder how many mothers today would be as lenient with their children and their children's pets. Occasionally a dog would be taken sick, and then there was real trouble and much anxiety in the house. A doctor was called, and medicine given. Oftentimes more of it found its way onto my clothing than went into the system of my patient.

During all these years I was learning of animals at first hand, their habits and their possibilities. I accepted responsibility for those under my charge, understood and respected their rights, even though they were only the rights of dumb animals. My first dog lived longer than any that came after, for she attained the ripe age of fourteen years. The members of my family, my father, mother, brothers

and sisters, all were fond of dogs and some loved them as much as I did.

My dog Deke went to Bowdoin college with me, where we both had many interesting experiences.

He was a regular attendant at the class rooms, and during lectures sat beside me on the benches. Often he would bound into chapel during services, rush up on the platform, speak to the president or professor who was presiding, and then lie down beside the pulpit. One Sunday afternoon he brought a large bone to the chapel and laid it carefully at the president's feet without interrupting the opening prayer. I do not recall that the college authorities ever objected to the dog, and I always shall remember the friendly and tolerant spirit they displayed.

Before the advent of the automobile I invariably was accompanied on the streets of my native city of Portland by at least two dogs. On one occasion, however, while crossing the main street, one dog became confused, turned back, and a swiftly approaching trolley car cut off one of his front paws. He was in great pain, but as soon as I lifted him in my arms he stopped crying and I hailed a passing express wagon and took him to a veterinarian. This man was so shocked at the condition of the dog's leg which he said could not be "patched up," that he suggested chloroforming him. I insisted that I wanted the dog treated just as though he were a human being. An injured man would be given every chance of life; why not a dog? Although it took six months to fully heal the wound, the dog lived with me for nine years afterwards and was a faithful friend.

The dogs I own today are worthy descendants of those of my boyhood. Garry, nine years old, is my constant companion in the Governor's House and in my office at the State Capitol. He goes back and forth with me between Portland and Augusta, both by train and automobile, and under-

stands the duties of the Governor's Office as well as could be expected of any dog.[1]

My eight months old pup, Eirie, is a trifle too impetuous to remain long in the Executive Chamber, but every day Mr. Chadbourne, my secretary, and myself, with the two dogs walk together through the woods and over the hills back of the State House.

To appreciate dogs, one must learn and understand their ways. A child should begin early to know animals and its life is not complete unless it has associated with them. Pets develop the character of children and make them kindly and considerate. It is just as true that every child needs a dog as it is that every dog needs a child.

Dumb animals are placed in this world for a purpose, and we should not shirk our responsibilities toward them. These helpless creatures serve us, comfort us and put us to the test. They acknowledge us as masters, and their loyalty, devotion and gratitude is unquestioned. Many humans, realizing how often they have failed to serve their Master, have reason to be humbled in spirit when they witness the unselfish devotion of a faithful dog to his master.

On the island where my summer home is located, in Falmouth, near Portland, I have a little cemetery for my setter friends. A large boulder bears a copper plate with the inscription:

"To my Irish Setters
Life-long Friends and Companions
Affectionate Faithful and Loyal

Percival P. Baxter
Governor of Maine"

[1] He has a special permit granted by the president of the Maine Central R. R. and therefore does not have to ride in the baggage-car.

This is followed by the names and dates of the births and deaths of all my dogs. A stone wall encloses a small tract of land with the boulder in the center and with trees encircling it. The friends of my childhood and of my mature life are entitled to a quiet resting place, and provision has been made that they never shall be disturbed.

My life has been fuller, happier, and more useful because I have owned and lived with my dogs. I hope I always may be blessed with the companionship of my faithful Irish setters.

Garry died in 1923 and now sleeps with his ancestors in the pleasant haven overlooking Casco Bay. Out of respect for his memory, by order of the Governor, the State House flags were placed at half-mast for the period of the journey home and the burial ceremony. This act caused some comment which was met by the Governor in an eloquent statement in the course of which he said,—"I yield to no one in my respect and reverence for our Flag. It flies over us all, grown-ups and children, civilian and soldier, rich and poor, and none have rights in it not possessed by all. Our Flag recognizes no distinction of race, creed, occupation or station, and every living creature that serves man is entitled to its protection. Its spirit is all-embracing.

"Loyalty and unselfishness are crowning virtues and where can these be found in purer form than in man's best friend, the dog. Few are as loyal to their Heavenly Master, as is the humble dog to his earthly one. Dogs have played their part in peace and war. From the earliest ages they have been man's protectors and friends. In our recent con-

flict, dogs saved many lives, performed many acts of bravery and devotion and in death were fittingly honored by their human companions. The fair names of our State and Nation have not been tarnished because their flags were placed at half-mast out of respect to one of God's humble, but noble creatures. A fitting tribute has been paid to my dog and to the dogs of ages past, a tribute well deserved but long deferred.

"I firmly believe that when the men and women of this country think through what I have done, they will see that a lesson in the appreciation of dumb animals has been taught and that my act heightens the significance of our Flag as an emblem of human achievement that has been made possible largely through the faithful services and sacrifices of dumb animals.

"I should esteem it an honor when my first time comes, to have the same Capitol flags that were lowered for my dog, lowered for me. It is my prayer that I may always be as unselfish and as loyal to my Master, State and Nation as was Garry to me."

WHAT COULD BE MORE FUN?

HOW A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE SAVED MY OPERATIC CAREER

By Mme. Maria Jeritza
Prima Donna
The Metropolitan Opera Company.

When a young girl in my 'teens and I left my home in Bruenn to begin my career as an opera singer in Olmuetz, my mother gave me a black and white fox-terrier as a parting gift. She knew I would be lonely and homesick and since I was fond of animals, thought the pup would cheer me up. She was not mistaken. He was a jolly playful little fellow and often in a romp with him, I would forget the disappointments and setbacks which are the fate of every young aspirant to operatic honors. As things turned out, I actually owed my life to my fox-terrier's devotion.

I had returned one day from a strenuous rehearsal and, quite fagged out, lay down on my couch in the small room I had rented in a modest pension, and promptly fell asleep. It was winter and I was so tired that I did not notice that the window was shut and a charcoal-fire burning in the brazier. I came out of my slumbers with an uneasy feeling that something was pulling at my dress, and opening my eyes saw my little dog tugging away at the hem of my skirt, whining pitifully at the same time. Suddenly I knew that something was wrong. My head was so dizzy with the poisonous charcoal-gas that I was hardly able to get to the window and fling it open. But I did, and then turned to

pet my rescuer, who was frantic with delight. Is it surprising that I am especially fond of fox-terriers? Had it not been for Fifi's intelligence and devotion my career as an opera singer would have been nipped in the bud.

The Wild-eyed Holstein, Nicknamed Diana

THE COW THAT KNEW IT HAD DONE WRONG

By Curtis Wager-Smith

Being town born and bred, I have been ignorant of many of the most interesting things in life until several years ago when I went to live in the country a few miles outside Philadelphia.

Take cows for instance:—

The cow, to the average city dweller, is merely a stupid and lumbering milk machine with horns. That a cow can reason and even have a guilty conscience would have seemed beyond the limit of possibility. Yet it is true and can now be written down in my big book of experience. Our cottage stands at the top of a long meadow, which is part of Ashland Farm, a 120-acre estate reaching from the Old York Road to the Doylestown Pike. The meadow is dotted with clumps of trees, with upland, marsh and winding brook and every variety of herbage to suit the palate of the most fastidious Alderney or Holstein, yet the clover and vegetables growing inside my fence proved irresistibly more attractive to the herd belonging to my neighbor. The wire sagged and needed re-stringing. Help is scarce in our township and my skill as a fence-mender not beyond reproach, so constant vigilance was necessary to repel the would-be invaders.

One day a wild-eyed Holstein, which we had nicknamed Diana, wriggled her way between two loose strands and as the rest of the herd had gone on, I let her crop the grass for awhile, before I finally persuaded her to join her com-

panions. It was a great mistake, for she remembered that special treat, and every day thereafter, searched repeatedly for an opening in order again to enjoy the tidbits.

One night, getting the rest due an amateur farmer who has transplanted three hundred young lettuces, I was awakened just before dawn by an ominous munching under my window. Mrs. Cow was "in" again and fearful for my garden, I hurried down, to find her all alone, eating my young peas and beans like mad, under a waning moon. I approached her gently, having learned that a cow if not flurried, will remember where she broke in and make for the same spot in retreat. Soothing tones and mild methods this time were of no avail. When she suddenly saw me, like a schoolboy caught stealing apples, and panic-stricken over the discovery, her only thought was to get away quickly. She raced along the wire, up and down, seeking an exit, recalled former weak sections, since repaired, tried them, and dashed on again frantic with fear.

Finally she found a gap, twisted through and was off at top speed, galloping down the great meadow, while the quiet night rang with her bawling and the thud of her hoofs.

Never have I seen such surprised guilt, wildly seeking escape from just punishment; such absolute consciousness of wrong and hysterical relief when the danger was past.

There is no doubt about it. That cow's behavior was really human.

CAT TALES

By Mrs. Charles L. Brown, *Former President, The Humane Education Society of Penn.*

Loving all animals, but loving best of all the cat—the most misunderstood animal in existence, every word written in behalf of the cat and every act of kindness noted gives me great joy and encouragement.

In our household we have a plain every-day black short-haired cat, with the thinnest tail any feline ever owned. His name is Skinny. Skinny had a beautiful brother cat, named Sparrow. Sparrow possessed a beautiful bushy tail and was a handsome specimen of a short-haired feline. When I went to bring home Sparrow from the farm where they were both born, I had no intention of bringing Skinny. I was holding Sparrow in my arms, bidding the folk adieu, when the little daughter of the house, Alice, came to me with tears in her eyes, and besought me to take Skinny too because he would miss Sparrow so terribly! "That is what Skinny is trying to tell you," said Alice.

They lived with us several years and Skinny was devoted to Sparrow. One day Skinny came running to me, meowing most appealingly. I understood something was wrong and followed Skinny to the basement, where Sparrow was lying, very ill. We called a veterinarian and gave him all necessary attention, but Sparrow crawled away, we never could find where, and never returned. Poor Skinny cried almost continuously for hours, and every day and night he could

be seen sitting at a rear window, watching for the return of his beloved brother. When we would approach him, the grief-stricken look in his eyes and his pitiful meow, made us sad to know we could do nothing for him. He ate little for weeks. Skinny has never made friends with another animal. He loved Sparrow and never forgot him.

At Newport News, Virginia, I met last summer a most interesting cat, named Beauty, a beautiful white female, with marvelous eyes, the shade of the sea—green-blue. Beauty is *twenty-seven* years old and the remarkable feature of this cat's existence is the fact that two years ago, she gave birth to a kitten!

At Old Point Comfort I met a wonder-cat, owned by a young couple named Simpson. Mr. Simpson joined the American forces and was sent overseas during the World War. One friend to whom he especially disliked saying good-bye, was his furry friend, Tom. The cat seldom went outdoors at any time; he was a real house-cat. When Mr. Simpson left to join his regiment Tom stole out, and would not come back indoors, even for food. He took shelter in an old barn on the place, and there they carried his meals. The day Mr. Simpson was expected home from the war, Tom found his accustomed place in the house, made a careful toilette, and awaited the master. Since he returned he has not run off again. And some say cats have no instinct! Mr. Simpson is devoted to Tom, and says he would not accept a thousand dollars for him, however much he needed the money.

In our household we have a black "witch" cat; thin tail, sleek coat, and orange eyes. We have had him a number of years, and he has a way of talking everything over with us. He manifested a peculiar fondness for a good old colored woman we have, and one day while he was endeav-

oring to make me understand what he wished to tell, Lucy remarked, "Mis' Brown, dat cat is more intell'gint 'n we are! We all kaint un'erstan' what he seys, but he-all un'erstand what we seys." There's a thought.

SKINNY

Mrs. Hippo Displays a Healthy Appetite

THE CLEVEREST AND MOST INTERESTING ANIMAL AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO

By C. Emerson Brown, *Superintendent*

I have been asked to tell about the cleverest and most interesting animal in the Zoo, and this would seem, perhaps, an easy task. To a casual visitor to the Zoological Garden, there is generally some particular animal or group of animals, that is remembered most, but to one constantly with all the animals, it is difficult to say which is really most interesting, or most intelligent. Many people, not acquainted with wild animals, tell wonderful stories of the intelligence of their domestic cat or dog, when, in reality, there are many wild animals that are far more discerning.

"Um-m That's Good"

Superintendent Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, Gives the Baby Bear Its Breakfast

The power of reasoning from cause to effect in the Orang-utan and Chimpanzee can scarcely be doubted by anyone familiar with these animals, and the intelligence and memory of the Elephant is traditional. The Hippopotamus, I might say, is almost in a class with the Elephant when it comes to a case of memory, and that brings me to a tale of our Hippopotamus Caliph.

One day our carpenter went into Caliph's cage to do some repair work. The Hippo was in his tank asleep, but the pounding soon awakened him, and I believe out of curiosity, he came slowly out of the water toward the carpenter. As the enormous animal (he weighs about 4 tons) approached, the man became alarmed and struck at him with his hammer. This made Caliph angry; he backed away, then with open mouth charged the carpenter who dodged and climbed out by way of a small iron bar across the tank. This happened over two years ago. Since then and up to the present time, the animal recognizes the carpenter at sight, and will not allow him to approach the cage.

Bears are extremely interesting. One instance that I well remember of almost human intelligence was in a large female Kamchatkan Bear. She had two cubs, and took wonderful care of them, hardly losing sight of them for a moment, but one day one of them, which was very mischievous, climbed up on the high wall at the back of the cage. The mother at once became much excited, and tried in every way to coax the cub down, but he paid no attention to her, and refused to be coaxed. So she laboriously climbed up, got on the opposite side of him and pushed carefully so as not to hurt him, until he was obliged to climb down. She then came after him, and going over to where he stood, boxed his ears several times very hard, almost knocking him down, at which he ran over in the

corner and cried like a baby. I never saw him upon this wall again.

Most Chimpanzees are remarkably clever. One that I know, Bobo by name, seems almost as wise as some humans. His food is given him in a plate and he is handed a spoon with which he eats as well as any ordinary child, seldom spilling any of the food. When he has finished he hands the plate and spoon to the keeper who, in turn, hands Bobo a napkin with which he thoroughly removes all traces of his dinner. If given soap, water, and towel, he will wash and dry his face and hands. This animal does many things which he has apparently learned through observation.

One day a photographer came to the Zoo to take his picture. Bobo was much interested, and watched the working of the camera intently. After the picture was taken, he seemed very anxious to examine the black box. It was placed close to the cage, and much to my surprise, he not only pressed the right lever to take a picture, but wound up the tension thumb-screw as he had seen the photographer do, to set it for another. This and many other stunts would, I suppose, give Bobo the title of the cleverest animal in the Zoo, as he actually learns to do things from observation, while most of the other animals are following out their natural instincts.

Edgar Fought, Philadelphia

"I'd Like to Know Where I Come In on This Feed?"

DITTI, THE VALLEY FORGE SQUIRREL

By Reverend W. Herbert Burk, *D. D.*
Rector Valley Forge Memorial Chapel

We have heard much of man's friendship for animals, for happily this is a virtue not limited to any locality, class, or age. The other side of the story, the animal's friendship for man is not so often told. I think this must be due more to the inefficiency of the office force of our pals from field and forest, than to the absence of the story. How I wish I could offer my services to those ambitious pets who yearn to tell to the world the tale of gratitude and affection which they express so often and so fully to the human friend who wins their confidence and love. For instance, there was Ditti, the red squirrel who lived so happily in the Defenders' Gate at Valley Forge.

One day I was standing in the Cloister of the Colonies, talking with Mr. William M. Sullivan, who wrought for his fellow countrymen the beautiful stone tracery. A baby red squirrel was vainly trying to climb to the roof of the Cloister, perhaps in search of a lost nest, or a safer place than ground infested with so many enemies of his race. We watched his vain efforts, and then as we talked quietly about the new work to be undertaken for the Nation, the little fellow came to us, as if asking our protection. He ran between my feet, climbed a low wall by my side, and sought safety under a wooden cover. But even Ditti was too large to be comfortable in the narrow crevice, and unable to go forward, or to back out, the little fellow whimpered like a

baby. We pulled up the cover, and I took the frightened animal in one hand and covered it with the other. There was a real sigh of relief, and in a moment the tired infant was sound asleep in my hands. Knowing how deeply interested Mrs. Burk would be in the waif of the woods, I took him home with me. Of course she was delighted with the tiny little squirrel, who was soon contentedly sucking warm milk through a piece of muslin.

We provided a warm nest of soft cotton for his next nap, while I went back to look for the rest of the family.

The last of the red squirrels, as far as we knew, had been killed by ruthless hunters two or three years before Ditti arrived, and we have never seen another red squirrel in the woodland. I must confess that my failure to find Ditti's friends and relatives was a satisfaction to us, and he never complained of his lot. He had a large cage in the dining room, with a plentiful supply of light and air, food and water. He always welcomed us with a real show of delight. Once when we were away for several weeks we came home wondering if he would know us. Of course he did and our welcome was most joyous, the little pet doing his utmost to tell us how glad he was to have us with him again.

One day he had been playing about the room, and as we had to go up to the Chapel, Ditti had to go back to his cage to be safe from cats and dogs. That morning he was more elusive than ever, and enjoyed the romp, waiting for me to put my hand over him, and then when my hand touched his fur, slipping out before I could close my fingers on him. The game was fast and furious, and Ditti was as excited as a little child with his romping play.

Of course he did not want the game to stop, and when at last I caught him and put him in his cage he turned on me and sank his sharp teeth into my finger. Always before when he would make believe to bite me, all I had to do

was to say, "No bitie," and the little fellow would at once carefully guard against injuring me. This time I corrected him, with a light smack, much lighter than he often had in our play. Instantly he recognized that this was punishment. I never saw an animal as furious as Ditti became. He was literally beside himself with passion. The storm did not last long, but while it lasted, I did not withdraw my hand from the cage.

In a few moments he came over and licked the wounded finger, and made it clear that he was very sorry. He was so happy when I petted him and told him it was all right, and we were once more good friends. It was the first and last time he bit me.

At times it seemed as if he could not find sufficient expression for his affection. It was then that he would give our fingers and hands real bear hugs. His muscles were in fine shape and he had a power far beyond what we would expect in such a small body.

Several weeks after our misunderstanding, a fly was bothering me while at the table, and finally Mrs. Burk said she would kill it. It had lighted on my shoulder and she easily struck it. Ditti had evidently been watching her, and when she struck the fly he thought she was punishing me. He was in a fury at once, trying to get out of his cage to defend me, and chattering and scolding at a great rate. We had to go over and explain that it was all right before he would be quiet. It was wonderful to find such memory and reasoning and sympathy in a wild woodsy creature.

Ditti, my furry pal, did all he could to make me understand his devotion, and any man may well be proud to have won such a friendship.

DR. CARLO, DOG SURGEON

By C. W-S.

THE tale which follows is about a dog which many years ago passed on to romp with his fellows in dog shadow-land. Yet because it is a true story, and unlike any other in this volume, and because it is pleasant to remember canine celebrities of other days, just as one recalls brave and worthy deeds of men and women in the pages of history, it is set down here.

Carlo was two years old, of St. Bernard and Newfoundland stock and was owned by Whitefield Crawford, of Seventh and Madison Streets, Wilmington, Delaware, in August, 1874.

Dick, a half-grown kitten, was his very good friend and companion. They shared each other's meals, played together during the day and at night, Carlo's great furry back made the nicest kind of bed for the small feline. In fact, Carlo did not settle himself comfortably to sleep, until Dick had snuggled down in his wool and begun a purring lullaby which sent both animals off into slumberland.

One day Mr. Crawford came home from market with some meat which he proceeded to cut into small pieces for the cat's dinner. By some strange mischance, a needle and thread which lay on the table got mixed with the food and before anyone knew what had happened, Dick had swallowed it. The needle stuck in his throat and the poor cat, helpless and suffering, turned in his distress to his huge four-footed protector. Carlo, looking wise and serious like all surgeons called in on a case, observed his little chum

for some moments and nosed his head and neck until he had made up his mind what to do. Presently he began licking the spot, while the cat lay perfectly still, turning its head to one side to give the dog every assistance. This licking continued all day and at intervals through the night, Carlo occasionally pausing to press his tongue against Dick's neck as if trying to force the sharp point through to the outside. The next day the operation continued until late in the afternoon when Dr. Carlo suddenly began to quiver with excitement and was seen to catch at something with his teeth. At last he succeeded and gave a quick jerk, pulling the needle clear through the skin, where it hung by the thread which still held it from within. It was the work of a moment for Mr. Crawford's daughter to pull the thread out. She held it up for Carlo to see and then stuck the needle in the fence. The dog's joy knew no bounds. Frisking and leaping, his bushy tail wagging his delight, he rubbed his shaggy sides against his master and then rushed back to his patient to continue bathing the wound. At times he went to the fence and gravely inspected the extracted object, turning with pride to the family, grinning and wagging his tail and saying as plainly as if he used words, "See what I took out of Dick's neck? Isn't it splendid?" By and by Mr. Crawford's son came home and Carlo went all over the story again, licking the cat, going to the needle in the fence and then enthusiastically and gratefully accepting the praise and admiration which was his due. Three days after, during which time the dog surgeon gave regular healing tongue treatments to the injury, the kitten was able to eat and before long Richard was himself again and the horror a thing of the past. You may be sure the two were better friends than ever. The newspapers carried the story, even as they do in these days, and Carlo had the honor of having a poem written about him.

I HAD A DOG

By Francis H. Rowley, D. D., *President of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; President of The American Humane Education Society*

He came to me, a tiny little fellow, the gift of a friend. His mother's name was Budge, and I named him after his mother. About his ancestors I never asked. I only knew that he was part retriever and part setter. From the day he came when milk was his only diet, until he was many months old, no one was allowed to feed him but myself. We became inseparable companions.

I was then a clergyman. Soon he was following me in the almost daily round of pastoral duties. A glove, an envelope, anything that I had touched, laid down in an office, a store, or on a piazza where I wished him to stay until I came back, kept him immovable at the spot where he was left. On summer evenings, when the chapel doors were open he would sometimes come from the parsonage, quietly walk down the chapel aisle, and reaching the platform, lie down back of my chair until the service was over. On Sundays however, he never ventured near the church. He slept always on a rug at the head of my bed.

We had never been separated for more than a day or two at a time until when he was about five years old I was to leave for a somewhat extended vacation. The night before I was to go we had a long and intimate visit together. I took his head in my hands and said, "Now we are going to miss each other, and you will wonder where in the world I

am; but don't worry. I will be back after a little while, and I shall think of you every day." I thought he understood.

Two days after I left he refused to eat. Nothing could tempt his appetite. He wandered about the neighborhood searching in vain for me at houses where I often went, putting his paws up on the window sills and looking in, yet never willing to answer the call to come inside. At night he would lie in the hallway at the foot of the stairs, or on his rug at the head of my bed where he was accustomed to sleep. Sometimes if he found anything of mine, like a cane that the children had left on the floor, he would lie for an hour or two with his nose resting upon it, and then ask to go out and resume his wanderings.

Late one night, about a week after I had gone, so far as anyone knew never having touched food, he cried to be let out. In the morning he lay dead at the front door.

I have never had any question as to what caused his death. To me it has always seemed as if it was grief which slowed down the vital functions till the power of resistance was gone. No one at home anticipated so sudden and sad an outcome, though they realized that he was unhappy and distressed. Had any word come to me, though I was hundreds of miles away, I would have started back if I had had to make the journey on foot. The bitterest part of it all to me was the thought that he had felt himself abandoned; that he died unable to understand why I had left him.

What his loss meant to me no one into whose life there has not come such a friendship between himself and an absolutely faithful dog can understand. So far as it is possible for such an animal to become a part of a man's life he had become a part of mine. There were times when his companionship alone satisfied my craving for comrade-

ship. In moments when solitude is one's only refuge and one longs for no human voice, there is something in the silent companionship of a dog, who looks up into your face with his beautiful, trusting eyes and seems to say, "I understand all about it," that comforts and satisfies. Again, with a mood that changes with your mood, he is ready for any tramp or frolic to which you invite him.

Few of us are foolish enough not to keep in mind the fact that there is a clearly drawn line between man and the world of life below him. The child is but a year or two old when by his human speech he proves the distance by which he is removed from the most intelligent and affectionate four-footed friend man ever had. At the same time, how far these creatures enter into actual sympathy with us and into an understanding of our language none of us know.

Jack London tells the story of an Alaskan dog given to him by a woman in whose humble home an old Alaskan hunter had died. Repeatedly the dog returned to the house where his master had been, and London was obliged to bring him back. One morning, Mrs. London told me, he took the dog's head in his hands, and said, "My dear old fellow, you may be a one man's dog. I think you are, and if you are, I do not blame you. But I have gone for you for the last time. If you leave me again, it's all over between us." And the dog never left him after that.

I was asked to write a brief story of the cleverest animal I have known. I have not tried to do that but to tell the story of the one above all others that went deepest into my life. I have had many dogs, and a number of horses, and I think loved them all more than the ordinary man who is fond of animals, but this one dog of which I have written holds a place in my memory all his own.

HOW A DOG TURNED HIS MASTER INTO A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN

By Curtis Wager-Smith

Eighteen years ago, Jacob Silberman, a poor young Russian from far across the sea, came to the United States with his wife, hoping in the new land, of which he had heard so many wonderful things, he would escape the grinding poverty and religious persecution which his people had suffered so hopelessly in the Empire of the Tsars. With what joy he saw the Statue of Liberty as he came into New York harbor, and how his eyes shone with trust that in America he would find food in plenty, freedom from fear and a modest home in the country where he might bring up a family in peace, comfort and happiness.

How he worked through many and many a hard year. How he saw little by little the dream fade and the freedom and justice on which he counted pass like a mirage. Poor man. He found that even in the Land of Promise, there was bitter wrong and hatred and oppression just as there is in every land under the sun. Struggling for a livelihood, and handicapped by his ignorance of the language, he swallowed his defeats, and pressed on again after each disappointment, trickery or unkindness, until at last, winning his way in spite of all obstacles, he began to gain the confidence and liking of his neighbors and a certain measure of material success. As time went on and he drove his junk wagon far and wide, people came to know and respect the sturdy man with the heart of a child, and his reputation for

DICK, WHO TURNED HIS MASTER INTO A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN

fair dealing and simple honesty won him many friends. Children were born in the new country, Jacob acquired a small farm, at Orvilla, near Lansdale, Pennsylvania, the children went to school and learned to speak English, and at last,

surrounded by his good wife and well and happy youngsters, in his fertile acres, with a successful business, he felt that hard times were past and brighter days lay before him.

Yet, in spite of this, year followed year, and the man remained unnaturalized. He did not plan, as so many emigrants do, to save his money and go back after a while to his birthplace to spend his old age. No. He intended to live here all his life, content in the knowledge that Fannie and Rebecca, Minnie, Martha, Samuel and Esther were thriving, and enjoying many advantages which they would never have had in the old country. But to become an American citizen—well—that takes time, and one must know many things and Jacob was always so busy going around with his junk wagon and tilling his fields and planting vines and fruit trees and turning the old run-down place into a flower-bedecked neat homestead, that the journey to the county-seat and the bewildering process of answering questions and otherwise meeting the majesty of the law in regard to changing one's nationality, was postponed indefinitely. Besides, though he was now getting along well, deep down in Jacob's heart, there lingered perhaps a little of the old disillusion and no urgent desire, no real great heart-felt reason, which would drive him to swear allegiance to the flag of the United States.

One day, on a farm he visited, Jacob saw a wonderful dog—a young St. Bernard. It was a case of love at first sight and when the owner agreed to sell him the animal and he had handed over five dollars and knew that the dog was really his own, he was the happiest man in three counties. What a welcome the six children gave the pup and in no time at all, what an important member of the family he became. They called him Dick, and his gentle nature and loving heart, his intelligence and kindliness, his protection of the younger children and his wordless talks with his new

master, made him a dear and almost human companion to every member of the household.

In Pennsylvania, a few years ago, there was a law placed on the statute books, forbidding an alien to own or harbor a dog. This was because many hunting dogs belonging to foreigners, after the season closed, were allowed to run at large and destroyed fowls, sheep and game. Jacob did not know this. His dog did not hunt and he had never met a game warden until the dreadful day when one appeared on the place and told him that he must give the dog up to be killed and that Jacob himself must appear before a justice of the peace, to answer for his offence. Poor Jacob. Poor children. What had their friend done that he must lose his life? He had never run at large, never bitten anyone, never chased chickens or sheep. Yet the warden said he must die. What could they do to save him? There was little sleep in the home that night and the next morning Jacob set out to tell his sad story to sympathetic townsfolk, and find, if he could, a way to protect their loved and loving Dick.

The story came to the ears of The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a field agent was at once sent post-haste to investigate the matter and give what aid he could. The Philadelphia newspapers carried the tale and many prominent persons wrote or telephoned the society, expressing their indignation and begging that no effort be spared to rescue the poor dog from his undeserved fate. The humane society people needed no urging, and when the case was called in the court of Magistrate Boorse of Lansdale, F. B. Rutherford, operative manager was on hand, with William T. Phillips, secretary, and the agent, ready to do battle with the state law in Dick's behalf. Mr. Rutherford, supported by a legal opinion from General Wendell P. Bowman, a counsellor of the so-

ciety, made an impassioned plea for the humble alien, his sorrowing family, and the amiable dog, who was in court in person, to show whether he was the sort of canine who deserved death, or not. When he had finished, little Rebecca stole forward and with tears of gratitude kissed his hand. All the Silbermans were there, their eyes red with weeping, turning anguished looks on the impassive magistrate, the gruff warden, the crowded court-room, and the several witnesses who spoke of the good record of the dog and his owner and the fact that the purpose of the law was not directed to the merciless extermination of children's inoffensive playmates. "What is this man's fault?" asked S. D. Conver, counsel for Silberman. "Only that he loves his dog. You have seen the tears stream down his face as Dick came into court. You see the swollen eyes of these grieving children and have sensed the worried amazement of this family as to the reason for the trouble that has come upon them. He is willing—even anxious—to spend money that he cannot afford to pay and to endure any penalty if the life of his dog be spared. What a farce will be played in a Pennsylvania court, if he shall be punished for no other reason than that he makes a friend and companion of this fine animal."

Dick at this point nosed his way through the gate and walked soberly to the side of the judge, where he sat down on his haunches close beside him and looked up in his face as if to say, "My life is in your hands."

Silberman sobbed a plea for his friend. "Ah, Judge," he said, "no make him dead. I love him. My children love him. Everybody love him. He no hurt anybody. He lick your hand and he look at you with eye like way down in a well."

The packed room was hushed as the pleas ended and the grave magistrate announced his decision. Broad-minded

and generous, he decreed that, as it was against the law for an alien to own a dog, Dick must be given up, but as the sovereignty of the state would be served by this, and there was no other charge against him, the dog need not be killed. He placed the animal in the care of The Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., leaving its further disposition to that organization. He fined Silberman $25, which was later remitted.

In their joy over saving Dick's life and knowing he was in friendly hands, the family resigned themselves to parting with their pet. He was put in an automobile and brought to Philadelphia, where he held a court of his own and was admired and caressed by everyone who saw him. Then came a letter which made Dick famous all over the United States. President Harding, our tender-hearted and humane Chief Executive, having heard in Washington of the dog's mortal peril, wrote to Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, pleading the case of the dog and his alien owner and urging that some way out of the difficulty be found.

That the President of the United States, that great and busy man, with the cares of an immense and powerful country on his shoulders, should care what happened to a poor Russian emigrant, stirred Jacob to the depths of his soul. This strange land—America—was it not turning out as wonderful, after all, as he had visioned in his dreams? When his S. P. C. A. friends explained to him that they would place the dog where it would be well cared for and pay its board until he had become an American citizen and that then he could have his dog again, he gladly went with his protectors to take out his first papers.

Dick was domiciled on a farm about six miles away from the Silberman home, where every week Jacob and the children could go over to see him and assure themselves that he was well and only visiting until Daddy had been made

a voter. It was hard to wait, but they were happy that the dark clouds which threatened Dick were blown away.

As for Jacob, every month or so, he comes down to Philadelphia, often bearing great bunches of flowers, to have a talk with Mr. Rutherford and his other friends in the office. He has learned about the law, and how right it is that it should be obeyed. He has come to respect the government which creates the conditions which make the United States a better place than Russia in which to live and bring up children. His heart overflows when he remembers the many strangers who came to his aid when his misery was almost more than he could bear and his loyalty and reason alike are enlisted in the service of the country to which he will soon belong by right of the gift of full citizenship.

Jacob Silberman and his children will never forget, and when Dick at last comes home, no native-born descendant of pioneer forefathers will swear allegiance to flag and country with more fervent and sincere patriotism than the Russian-born owner of the dog who made his master a good American citizen.

Note: Since this story was written Mr. Silberman has received his final citizenship papers and Dick is again at home.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, GRANDMA, MUMMIE AND THE BABY TAKE SUPPER TOGETHER

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